WHAT THE CITY NEEDS ALAN STONE

THE NATION

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LETTERS

where it began

Collegeville, Minn.

DEAR SIRS: In his effort to blunt the effect of the moratorium, President Nixon directed a letter to a student in which he explained that if government policy is "made in the streets, democratic processes cannot continue." One wonders where Nixon imagines democracy began, if not in the streets—the streets of Athens, that is.

Clara M. Varnum

overweight

Omaha, Neb.

DEAR SIRS: Sandy Morrison's "By Road and Rail: Explosions en Route" [*The Nation*, Oct. 13] focuses attention on the deteriorating accident record of the American railroads. There are excellent reasons for it. . . .

Most rails are capable of supporting about 250,000 pounds, including the weight of the car, which means 150,000-pound cargoes; but some car manufacturers are experimenting with cars that will place 550,000 pounds of pressure on a rail. The natural result is a great increase in the number of accidents and in their severity.

Willis Park Rokes, Prof. of Government and Business
University of Nebraska

selective reports

Glen Echo, Md.

DEAR SIRS: Jon M. Van Dyke is not very well informed. He says ["Prisoners From Hanoi: Were They Tortured?" *The Nation*, Oct. 6] the only "tortures" mentioned in the formal statements by Lieutenant Frishman and Seaman Hegdahl are solitary confinement and being exposed to mosquitoes.

Van Dyke apparently is aware of the news conference that followed the reading of those statements, so he should also have been aware that they further detailed examples of systematic mistreatment and brutality: being paraded and beaten at missile sites while severely wounded (Frishman); being forced to sit in a stifling room for *two to three days* without being able to sleep (again Frishman); and perhaps the hardest to bear of all, solitary confinement for months on end. Frishman has also recounted to that news conference, and to me and others in subsequent interviews, that his arms were tied tightly with ropes, despite an open wound on his right arm, and that the jagged bones of his broken arm were deliberately ground together by his captors. He also repeated that Commander Stratton's fingernail was "lifted and removed" during an interrogation session.

Perhaps Mr. Van Dyke does not think that all of this adds up to torture. I would disagree, violently.

Jim Anderson, Westinghouse Broadcasting Company

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: I would ordinarily have no reason to question Lieutenant Frishman's description of North Vietnam's prison camps. I find it odd, however, that the Department of Defense continues to refuse to allow the six pilots freed earlier to speak to the public. Several of these pilots have expressed a personal willingness to talk to me, but said they were under strict orders from the Pentagon's Public Information Division to say nothing. I have repeatedly requested permission to ask the other pilots the same questions Lieutenant Frishman answered, but the Pentagon has rejected or ignored each request. I will not be able to accept Lieutenant Frishman's account until the other pilots are unmuzzled.

Jon M. Van Dyke

EDITORIALS

The Nixon Jawbone

In the 1968 campaign Mr. Nixon enriched the political vocabulary with two words, "showboating" and "jawboning," denoting reprehensible practices which he attributed to the Johnson administration and hence, by association, to Mr. Humphrey. The Nixon Administration's own "Operation Showboat"—the Mexican border incident over marijuana—we discussed editorially in our issue of October 13. Mr. Nixon's handling of "jawboning" is equally ambivalent. It was bad, Mr. Nixon said, when Mr. Johnson used the Presidential publicity machine to press industry to follow governmentally established guidelines because labor leaders and businessmen necessarily promote the interests of their respective organizations.

In the absence of overriding force, that in fact is what they do. Nevertheless, Mr. Nixon of late has vigorously exercised his own jaw muscles on the topic. He did so particularly in his radio address of October 17 in which he commiserated folksily with housewives incensed at the price of hamburger and with children whose nickel candy bars are only half as big as they used to be. Over that same weekend Mr. Nixon jawboned separately at business and labor, exhorting them to emulate his Administration which, he declared, had manifested backbone rather than jawbone in putting the country's house in order by means of "responsible" fiscal and monetary policies. He did not deny that some degree of unemployment and suchlike unpleasantness would result, but expressed confidence that the American people were sufficiently mature to go along.

The President did not garner universal approbation by all this publicity and self-praise. Forty-five members of the House urged him to proceed against inflation with more equitable measures than the orthodox fiscal and monetary means he had been using. Walter W. Heller, chief economic adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, called for a "pitiless spotlight on the bad guys" who set prices and wages without regard to public interest. No doubt Mr. Heller had fond recollections of President Kennedy's harsh (and for the time being successful) chastisement of U.S. Steel when it raised prices in defiance of a Presidential understanding.

In the course of his extensive jawboning, Mr. Nixon's biases have been nakedly revealed. He told the country that there was "a very simple reason why your cost of living got out of hand." The blame, he declared, falls fundamentally on "the past politics of your government," that is, on the Johnson administration. Some of the money was applied to "new" social problems, but the total spending was "very heavy" and we are now paying for it in higher taxes. For Vietnam, which accounts for between 35 and 40 per cent of an inflated military budget, he had only a word in passing.

The jawboning emphasizes Mr. Nixon's resolve to rely on the forces of the "free market" and refrain from imposing controls upon the economy. At the same time, as Mrs. Bess Myerson Grant, New York City's Commissioner of Consumer Affairs, pointed out, the President was silent

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on the need for massive tax reform. By disavowing wage and price controls, the *bête noire* of business, Mr. Nixon has allied himself once more with corporate interests.

The Issue Is Boulwarism

The walkout of 147,000 blue-collar workers from 280 General Electric plants on October 27 pits a big company against some big unions, but the strike is not a confrontation, in the classic pattern, between Big Business and Big Labor. As *The Wall Street Journal* pointed out, "most companies like the auto makers and the steel producers deal with their unions by presenting an offer, listening to the union's counter-offer, and then working towards a point somewhere in between, sometimes with the weapon of a strike." But the philosophy of Boulwarism —a kind of corporate theology promulgated by Lemuel Boulware, a G.E. executive since retired—has long prevailed in G.E. negotiations. It works as follows: G.E. negotiators come forth with a "fair, firm" contract, which is presented—and widely publicized—as the company's final offer. From this offer the company will not budge.

Throughout the post-World War II period, the Boulware strategy worked well for the company, primarily because it was dealing with divided unions and also because of factional struggles within them. Finally, in 1966, the thirteen unions at G.E. adopted a coalition strategy and, with the aid of some political pressure, were able to get the Johnson administration to help them force a small modification of management's offer.

Now, with providential timing, the 2nd Circuit Court of Appeals, in a 2-to-1 decision handed down as the strike entered its second day, has in effect ruled that the Boulware formula violates the National Labor Relations Act. The action grew out of a 1960 dispute with the International Union of Electrical Workers. The NLRB held that the company had not bargained in good faith on three counts: refusing to furnish information requested by the union, attempting to deal separately with the union's locals, and presenting a personal accident program on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. This ruling of the board has now been upheld by the court. The decision is a heavy blow to the company, which had been applying the Boulware formula in the current negotiations, but G.E. officials announce that an appeal will be taken to the Supreme Court. In the meantime, G.E. can be expected to maintain a stout resistance; it has ample resources and many of its contracts are postponable. Only a few of G.E.'s plants are primarily engaged in war production, so the prospects for a "national emergency" injunction under Taft-Hartley are not bright. Not merely does G.E. have a big stake in the Boulware formula; it can also hardly afford to prove the truth of the unions' contention that "in unity there is strength."

The key to the outcome may be found in a new factor. Photographs suggest that a large proportion of the pickets are young, as they are nowadays in other major industries. G.E. is apparently gambling that these young, "affluent" workers will not hold out long. Hence the company has challenged not merely the unions involved but the leadership of those unions. Can the leadership con-

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vert the "new breed" into militant trade unionists? This issue is far more significant than the talk about inflation and the wage-price spiral. Price increases are already built into the settlement offer that was made and rejected. Both sides are more concerned with "Boulwarism" than they are with inflation or with a few nickels and dimes on the table. A long and bitter strike was anticipated before the court's decision. Coming at a critical moment in the strike, the decision is not likely to weaken the company's resolve and it should strengthen the position of the unions. B. J. WIDICK

Spiro and 'Middle America'

In *Newsweek* (November 3) Stewart Alsop devotes almost his entire page to a talk he had with Vice President Spiro T. Agnew: his pink, healthy-looking face, his French cuffs with gold cuff links, his "small, controlled" smile and, most revealing, his family controversy with his 14-year-old daughter. Kim wanted to demonstrate against the war in Vietnam; whereupon Father took the time to explain why this would be wrong, and when Kim disagreed ended the argument with: "Kim . . . there will be no black arm band and no participation in a demonstration!"

Then Alsop tells us why, though Agnew may not be particularly original or profound (everybody seems to agree on that) he *is* formidable. He is to be taken seriously because his manner of speech and thought "precisely mirrors the style of the 'Middle Americans' who make up the great majority of the American electorate. . . ."

The theme is not new. Some thirty years ago Bernard De Voto explained in *Harper's* that despite the depression neither the Right nor the Left had a chance in America because the immovable bulk of the middle class precluded radical change. The argument is not wholly without substance, but it is easy to accord it more weight than it merits. Regarded with normal objectivity, its core of truth is seen to be enveloped by a much larger volume of gas.

To begin with, "middle" is essentially an ambiguous term. In a general way we know the group to which the commentators refer, but it cannot be defined in precise economic terms. A spoiled hippie living on a "retainer" from Scarsdale might come under the middle classification in terms of disposable income, but he doesn't belong. Moreover, within every economic class there are gradations of intelligence and culture which affect the way people think, behave and vote.

"Very well," say the commentators, "but we are talking about a 'syndrome.' " This idea owes its popularity to the late T. W. Adorno and colleagues in *The Authoritarian Personality*. Granted, again, that there is something to it—the people who hate hippies are likely also to hate Negroes and Jews. If you are a hawk on Vietnam, you are likely to line up with reactionaries of various hues on a whole string of issues. But by no means always—the number of exceptions from any syndrome you can concoct is startling. A Negro on his way up, for example, may fit the "Middle America" syndrome in many ways, except that he is black and, as a black, deviates sharply in important respects.

Another trouble with the "Middle America" model is that it is assembled for the most part by intellectuals whose knowledge of the people alleged to constitute the group is no more than marginal. The Stewart Alsops of American journalism do not live in Queens or in middle-class enclaves elsewhere. They may go slumming in these places for copy, but they do not live with the people and share little experience with them. And since they are frequently "put off" by the language and "life styles" of their anthropological subjects, they report on them loosely and inaccurately.

It is all too easy to misconstrue motives and impulses. Consider the "white backlash." It exists. It surfaced alarmingly in California in the last gubernatorial election. But it must not be forgotten that property owners in California get their tax bills a few weeks before the November election and in that year they got some very bad news indeed. So were they backlashing Pat Brown, or were they infuriated by the increases in real estate taxes? In this issue, Alan Stone (p. 494) suggests that a coalition may be formed one of these days to take a stand against expropriation by taxes on residential property. Such movements are in fact under way in some of the suburbs of New York City. They are soundly based. No one, in the idiotic real estate broker's phrase, "owns his own home." He owns it only as long as he can pay the taxes on it, and in his quite justified fear he may go hunting for a scapegoat against whom he has no irreversible animosity.

As a peripheral issue, there has been much talk about the "new breed" in the unions—graduates from the working class who are now supposed to be committed to middle-class ideology. It hardly looks that way on the picket lines patrolling the General Electric plants at this moment. These militants behave just like workers who see their working-class interests threatened.

The Nation is chronically suspicious of stereotypes. The "Middle America" stereotype is just as limited as any other broad characterization, and can do as much damage to good sense and penetrating analysis.

Time for the Senate To Act

No one knows what President Nixon will say to the nation on November 3, although almost everyone is speculating. It has been widely reported that even he does not know how to be sufficiently ambiguous to satisfy both the domestic critics of the war and the Thieu-Ky cabal, with its vested interest in keeping the war going indefinitely. Reporters have been curious about why Mr. Nixon announced the speech so far in advance. Aside from the dilemma in which the President finds himself, this question can now be answered with reasonable certainty. He felt he had to say something to take some of the steam out of the October 15 moratorium, and he hoped a forthcoming Presidential speech would serve that purpose. It is said that he had not thought of the election when he made the announcement and on this he may be given the benefit of the doubt, although it is hard to imagine Mr. Nixon, of all people, letting a forthcoming election slip his mind.

Since his options are so narrow, it would seem point-

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less to speculate on how he will steer between Charybdis and Scylla. The safest assumption is that he will sail a devious course. But another element in the situation is less confused. The Senate is in a better position to act forthrightly and must do so quickly if it is to assume, or reassume, the responsibilities it has been talking about for so many months and even years. It must act, or lose the opportunity.

The key figures in the Senate are Fulbright, Aiken and Mansfield. They are all men of stature, seniority and good repute. Their power transcends that of younger men like Proxmire and McGovern, who have rendered inestimable service but who do not carry the weight of the FAM trio. Personal factors cannot be ignored here; it might be in better taste to do so, but too much is at stake. Mansfield is a close friend of Aiken; they breakfast together frequently. The second Mrs. Aiken is said to be greatly smitten with the bright social lights at the White House, a fact hardly likely to escape the President. Hence Aiken's "give-him-time" speech, in which Mansfield joined. Then the two went to Fulbright, who agreed to temporize, at least to the extent of putting off until November 3 the Foreign Relations Committee hearings on Vietnam.

Whether agreeing to the delay was wise or unwise is no longer of moment; it was done. The vital point is that another delay could stultify further moves to restore to the Senate responsibilities it should never have surrendered. It should act on a broad Asian front, including Vietnam but not restricted to it. It should get into the Korean situation, which is perhaps the most dangerous of all: a flare-up there would have the most upsetting consequences. Korea should be discussed publicly and thoroughly. Hearings are already under way on the Laos situation. Not that hearings were needed to establish the facts: it is disgraceful that the media have cooperated with the Pentagon and successive administrations in soft-pedalling what every correspondent knew.

We have been at war in Laos for a long time. We finance the country and of course most of the money goes to support a worthless mercenary army. We have CIA staff there, and Green Berets; we run two airlines; we bomb continually and indiscriminately. That the war is partly "Laotianized" is beside the point. We have entangled ourselves in a situation which we helped to create in the first instance by backing right-wing elements; that in turn brought in large detachments of Communists from North Vietnam. Souvanna Phouma had some standing at one time as an authentic neutral; now he is entirely dependent on us.

Korea, Laos, Thailand, Vietnam should all be on the agenda, nor would a look at Indonesia be amiss. On Vietnam the Senate should hear new witnesses in addition to those "experts" (apparently they must be heard once again as a matter of ritual) whose positions are well known and whose testimony can be written up before they open their mouths.

The President is boxed in by these old-timers, by the Joint Chiefs, his Paris advisers, Kissinger, et al. Hubert Humphrey said recently that President Nixon is more out of touch than President Johnson ever was. There are disquieting rumors of more muttering in the Pentagon *against* the war than the President is allowed to hear.

The Senate is not handicapped to any such extent. It could call the real experts rather than the hallowed cold-war spokesmen; it could listen to businessmen, college presidents, Mayor Lindsay, Whitney Young of the Urban League, and many other spokesmen who represent significant segments of public opinion and whose access to the White House is limited. A thorough airing of the issues before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee would be an indirect means of bringing the information and opinion to the President's attention, and then of putting pressure on him to act. The committee has a backlog of resolutions to consider, including those offered by Sen. Charles Goodell and Sen. Frank Church.

If we are to restore proper constitutional balance in the formulation and execution of foreign policy, now is the time to do it, and the initiative rests with the Senate.

The Lonely Medical Runner

Dr. Henry Meyer of the National Institutes of Health started a race several years ago to avert a new outbreak of rubella, generally known as German measles. His objective was to develop a vaccine to prevent the disease, which is mild enough in children but very serious when pregnant women get it, almost invariably from their own or other children. Their offspring are either born dead, aborted, or come into life with one or more defects, including mental retardation, permanent heart damage, blindness and deafness. During an epidemic of rubella six years ago, some 20,000 babies were born defective and 30,000 were not born at all.

Epidemics of German measles come in cycles, usually every seven to eight years. That makes another one due either next year or in 1971. Dr. Meyer knew when he started his work on the vaccine that he was in a tough race. The odds were against finishing in time to stave off a new outbreak of rubella and a huge new crop of rubella babies. But with rare scientific skill and great perseverance he succeeded in producing a vaccine that is nearly 100 per cent effective.

Government press releases trumpeted the achievement late last winter, citing it as an example of what your tax dollars left over from war expenditures could do to save the lives of babies, albeit all of them American.

The Washington health establishment predicted that before the end of the threat of an epidemic, about 50 million children from 1 to 14 years of age would be immunized with the rubella vaccine. Children only were to be given the shot because the vaccine is considered unsafe for women who are pregnant or of childbearing age, since the vaccine could—no one knows for sure—give them a case of the disease. In any event, doctors said, giving the vaccine to children would protect most women because the youngsters were the prime carriers.

All's well that ends well. For the scientists concerned, like Dr. Meyer and the vast majority of public health officials, however, the end is still nowhere in sight. To mount a mass vaccination program—as all but the social

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welfare budget slashers in Washington know—costs money. Not very much. Far less than a minor design mistake by a missile manufacturer under a cost-plus government contract. Yet on the rubella program Congress and the Administration are moving with glacial speed.

Sen. Ralph Yarborough, chairman of the Senate Health subcommittee, after months of needling, has finally gotten authorization—but no money for the program. The House has not even held hearings. Meanwhile Dr. Meyer remains a frustrated long-distance medical runner. He knows where the finish line is, but the Administration and Congress keep moving it farther and farther away.

WHAT THE CITY NEEDS

ALAN STONE

Mr. Stone, an attorney specializing in trade regulation, is currently a graduate student in political science at the University of Chicago.

President Nixon's recent proposal to share federal revenue with cities and states is, at last, federal recognition that metropolitan areas cannot solve their fiscal problems with their own resources. But, instead of calling for a thorough overhaul of an archaic and unworkable fiscal system, the President's program merely seeks to supplement locally derived revenues with small amounts of federal money. The original sum to be shared by all state and local governments—$1 billion—is recognized as being trivial in impact when spread across the nation. But even assuming that the federal outlay would grow, it is clear that, under the President's conception, principal responsibility for the raising of revenue for the metropolitan areas will remain with local and state governments.

But in fact the fiscal plight of the metropolis can be solved only by the federal government; financing by small decentralized governmental units actually hinders the solving of metropolitan problems. Three kinds of questions must be analytically separated in examining metropolitan fiscal policy: Are expenditures adequate to meet needs and are receipts adequate to meet such expenditures? Are expenditures or receipts discriminatory with respect to area? Are expenditures or receipts discriminatory with respect to socio-economic class or group?

Need in this context is an ambiguous word; it can be defined either as what independent authorities think is needed, or (usually) according to the more restricted goals of local officials. In any event, most major domestic problems are metropolitan problems. To tick off just a few of the major ones, metropolitan needs include parks and recreational facilities, adequate and unpolluted water, schools, an end to air pollution, the provision of sufficient housing, medical services and welfare.

It is sufficiently clear that from the viewpoints of both the visionary and the local official these needs are not being met. To cite but one example in the area of housing, the July 1969 First National City Bank *Monthly Economic Letter* reported that in New York City during the 1960s, the growth in the number of households exceeded the growth of housing units by 27 per cent: the result has been an acute shortage of reasonably priced housing.

Officially sponsored long-range studies conclude that local governments will be unable to raise revenue for metropolitan needs. Mitchell Gordon's *Sick Cities* reports a study which estimates that capital projects in the New York metropolitan region from 1960 to 1985 will cost $42 billion—twice what can be raised there in taxes. Gordon cites similar studies for other metropolitan areas.

The basic fiscal dynamic in the metropolis is climbing expenditures and an increasingly disparate tax base. Alan K. Campbell and Seymour Sacks in *Metropolitan America*, a study of metropolitan fiscal patterns, show that from 1953 to 1963 state and local expenditures grew 126 per cent (in comparison, federal expenditures grew 24 per cent). This growth has severely strained local governments' ability to raise sufficient revenue.

Local governments suffer from several handicaps in imposing taxes which do not affect the federal government. First, constitutional and legal limitations have rendered many local areas virtually unable to develop new forms of taxation. (Municipalities have no inherent power to levy taxes and derive all such power from states.) Second, threats or implied threats by business to move from or not locate in a community cause local officials to exercise taxing restraint on business. Third, sales, income and gross receipts taxes are difficult to administer locally. They are administered, in fact, at the first level by a multitude of businesses and individuals, with almost no effective governmental supervision. Cheating by the unscrupulous is easy and there's not much that can be done *comprehensively* to prevent it; local governments cannot afford an army of revenue agents. Licenses, on the other hand, are easily administered but are not very productive. Therefore, principal reliance for revenue by local government continues to be the real property tax.

Real property taxes constitute more than 80 per cent of tax revenues raised by local governments. The property tax is a deplorable instrument for a number of reasons. First, it is notoriously regressive relative to income and strikes hardest at lower-income home owners.

Property taxes are also subject to numerous exemptions, among which the most widely known is church property. But there are many other exemptions, varying from area to area. In Illinois, for example, much property of the Illinois Central Railroad is tax-exempt. The Chicago *Daily News* found, in a recent survey, that the number of exempt parcels in Cook County had doubled in the last twelve years and that 13 per cent of the property parcels in the Loop, Chicago's major business district, are tax-exempt. According to Gordon, the total value of exempt property throughout the country in 1963 was $200 billion.

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The continuing growth of exemptions causes those interests remaining on the tax rolls to push harder for their own exemptions. A hidden form of exemption not tabulated in the statistics occurs when business corporations set up their own municipal corporation to avoid local taxes. Reform of the morass of local exemptions through local legislation would appear an impossible task.

Another difficulty with local property taxation is that assessment valuation and market worth almost never coincide. Formulas vary from community to community and average about one-third market value. Even within any community valuation is largely a matter of judgment, and is thus inherently discriminatory.

Sales taxes which constitute the largest source of state revenue are of two types, selective and general. Due's study, *Sales Taxation,* found that both types are regressive and strike hardest at lower-income groups. Many local governments are forbidden to use income taxes. In any event, the employment by local governments of the income tax constitutes an inefficient duplication of the federal government's effort. Further, local income taxes are not very progressive because their rate spreads are quite narrow, in contrast to the federal income tax rate spread. Local sales and income taxes are difficult to administer and probably fail to catch a lot of taxable income.

Local indebtedness is an equally unsatisfactory revenue instrument. Local bonds, which rose from $14 billion to $51 billion from 1946 to 1960, are held largely by people in the very highest income bracket because of the exemption from income taxation that such bonds enjoy. The rise in debt has been so extreme that by 1960 city taxpayers were spending more to pay debts than they were spending for fire protection. The spectacle of hard-pressed cities raising revenue to pay the very rich (and thus magnify the regressiveness inherent in metropolitan forms of taxation) illustrates how unsatisfactory debt is as an instrument of the future.

Grants-in-aid to local governments from states or through states from the federal government are becoming increasingly common. On the plus side, they are largely financed from the federal income tax and are, therefore, on balance, progressive. They also tend to stimulate local effort rather than replace it. On the debit side, grants-in-aid are usually based upon matching grants from state or local governments. Thus they aid wealthier areas proportionately more than those which have greater difficulty raising revenue, and are inherently discriminatory. Second, the disjunction between revenue collection and spending may encourage local fiscal irresponsibility.

Not only are local revenue resources inadequate but the system is discriminatory both with respect to area and socio-economic class. Although the highest per capita incomes in the larger metropolitan areas and in the nation as a whole are in the suburbs, per capita expenditures and taxes are higher in the central city than in the suburbs. Notwithstanding this situation, as Campbell and Sacks found in a study of thirty-six representative metropolitan areas, per capita state aid is less in the central city than in the suburb, with the disparity in education particularly glaring (even though suburbs spend per capita more of their own resources on education).

This discriminatory pattern is further aggravated by the enormous costs imposed on the central city by suburban residents. Suburbanites who work in the central city receive police and fire protection, street provision, water, sewage, sanitation and other services for which they don't pay. Larry M. Elison, in his *Finances of Metropolitan Areas,* summarized several studies which showed that every new person living in the satellite area imposes more than twice the per capita costs on the central city government than does an additional person living in the central city. (This is due in part to the fact that residents of satellite areas are not added to the denominator, while the central city residents are.)

There are also discriminatory patterns between the various suburbs. Lower-income suburbs are in a fiscal bind while wealthy suburbs are able to produce tax revenues in excess of their needs.

Even this brief survey of metropolitan fiscal problems shows that the present system doesn't need a supplement of the sort proposed by President Nixon's revenue sharing plan, but a complete overhaul. The property tax is an anachronism from a time when wealth was based upon real property. It is discriminatory and regressive, and should be abolished. Other locally raised taxes are regressive and difficult to administer. The ability to tax locally is virtually in inverse relationship to a community's needs.

It follows, therefore, that the national income tax and other taxes from which the wealthy cannot escape (e.g., excess profits taxes) ought to be the principal source of metropolitan revenue. The revenue should be distributed to communities on the basis of need, not on the basis of matching grants. This implies that the federal government must be the judge of need, develop objective standards and assure that the funds are properly spent.

Thus decentralization and community control of projects are impediments to solving metropolitan problems, although, of course, community organizations should present needs and demands. Central control of income and expenditures eliminates the inefficiency, duplication and lack of coordination and waste which result from the proliferation of governmental units. The size of expenditures required to solve many of the most important metropolitan problems such as health or housing are beyond the scope of local government.

These proposals for extension of federal power into local affairs are currently a decidedly minority view among liberals and radicals who are hung up on slogans of "community control," "participatory democracy," etc. But it is precisely minority groups and the unemployed who have most to gain from campaigning for a greater federal role and an overhaul of local taxation, including abolition of the property tax. Therein lies the basis for a coalition between the people whose needs are greatest and the working class and lower middle class who suffer most from the burden of property taxation. Healing the bitter breach between these groups should be the great work of liberals and radicals. Certainly, a coalition of minority groups and disaffected students advocating decentralization are no threat to anyone in power. But a coalition of working people, the lower middle class, minorities and students is potentially a winning combination.

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MAN IN NATURE

MODEL FOR A NEW RADICALISM

CATHERINE RIEGGER HARRIS

Mrs. Harris obtained her Ph.D. at the University of Maryland and taught at Howard University for some years. She now devotes herself entirely to writing and has recently completed a book on The Philosophical System of Karl Marx.

The American movement against the war in Vietnam, against the power of the present military-economic system, against certain actions and policies carried on by United States imperialism could become a movement for revolutionary social and economic change. That is so even though a good many of those decrying the war, and even of those fighting the whole of what is now being called "the death machine"—the military-industrial complex and the "national defense" system—do not have revolutionary intentions in the commonly understood sense. Some are relatively apolitical, their response of rebellion or of repudiation being primarily cultural. They are not directly seeking to make major changes in economic institutions or in the structure of the larger class society.

The emergence of somewhat disjointed but parallel trends nevertheless adds up to a growing movement against death and the various agencies of death which have weighed so heavily on the generations born into the 20th century. The perspectives of 19th-century radicalism are being considerably altered and broadened. World views and political views must now be at least partly reformulated.

What especially calls for inclusion in a modern radical perspective is the ecological problem and its relation not only to the political economy but to an entire series of cultural attitudes associated with industrialization and the age in which some spokesmen for science have announced—rather prematurely—the "conquest of nature." There is today an important and intensifying endeavor to cope with such problems as land and resources depletion, air and water pollution, the blighting effects of the means of transportation, and the many difficulties of urban living. Journalists in touch with the present scene note the appearance of a new "radical cause." Mary Wiegers, writing in *The Washington Post* (October 4), observes that "to the lexicon of militancy—black militants, campus militants, militant New Leftists—add 'militant conservationists.'" She says, "They're a growing breed . . . feeding on the new public awareness that man and technology are combining to destroy the environment.

"While creeping suburbia laps up green belts, land developers plunder the wilderness, industries pollute rivers and streams, and everything from autos to airplanes pollutes the air, the new breed takes on a new aggressiveness in demanding priority for its cause."

The movement for conservation and for environmental protection—even a good deal of militancy about this issue—is not entirely new in this country, nor is there a wholly new breed of concerned people. Yet it is an interesting fact that many persons who are relatively conservative—sometimes extremely so—when it comes to problems of social and economic organization and to national foreign policy may become quite "radical" or at least militantly reformist about this one problem. The driving factor in the present ecological movement is the increased pace of conspicuous deterioration. More people than ever before are becoming concerned. It is becoming more and more difficult to avoid seeing the connection between the central defects of the American profit-oriented private enterprise economy and the all too evident environmental destruction. In spite of the label attached to it by former Secretary of Interior Udall, "the quiet crisis" is refusing to remain so.

Furthermore, questions of public responsibility and the ethics of actions affecting the public domain are coming to the fore in the Vietnamese context. The war and defense priorities are seen to be related to the ecological situation as well as to other social problems. In a letter to the editor of *The Washington Post* dated October 9, Powell M. Hinson expressed a kind of progressive sentiment that is becoming more and more widespread: "If our nation is long to be first in any field except chaos, it seems to me that we must set our national goals to be first in clear air, pure water, clean cities free of poverty and planned injustice. As a nation we seem to find the money necessary to accomplish the feats we set out to do, e.g., Apollo. The critical point is committing ourselves to a difficult task. I think now is the time to make the commitments."

Conservatives and liberals, as well as radicals, are beginning to see, each in a rather specialized style, the connections between the various disorders in our national life. With so many differently oriented people becoming involved in a new progressivism, new questions must also be raised concerning old labels. We are bound to ask what is involved in being "radical," "revolutionary," against the system, against the Establishment, and against the vested interests of privileged groups and of possessing classes. It is indeed possible to be "radical" in more ways than one.

Political and social movements for change operate today within the large, enduring continuity of the nation. The nation has survived as a collective historical reality through many vicissitudes and upheavals, without losing the thread of at least some of its traditions and the valued realities of its territorial and cultural identity. A good deal of *rethinking* about problems of nationhood, national consciousness and its relation to various kinds of "liberation" can be expected as the movement for political, economic and social changes matures.

Earlier generations of revolutionaries included Socialists and radical anarchists—mutually antagonistic groups which nevertheless can both be called militant anti-capitalists. Both types were inclined to underestimate the magnitude of the changes which would be entailed in a general movement to overthrow large-scale corporate

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capitalism. Marx, the most powerful and influential thinker in the 19th-century revolutionary movement, believed that a qualitative break with the older capitalist form of economy would be required if civilization as he conceived it was to endure, and if man was to triumph over his internal nature as he had already, presumably, triumphed over external nature. He added that capitalism, by virtue of its inherent weaknesses, was forging the instruments of its own destruction.

Political radicals today are inclined to believe that Marx was more right than wrong. We are leaving behind that recent period of liberal and conservative complacency when it was maintained that Marx's prophecy of doom had been disproved by later developments within the capitalist system. During the early years of the 20th century, the liberal welfare-state reformers and pseudo-Socialists would argue that radical critiques of capitalism, however justified in the past, were no longer necessary. The right-wing advocates of capitalism seem in their own way to have been in closer touch with the internal realities of the historical system with which Marx was concerned. Faced with a revolutionary Socialist government in Russia and threatened by the spread of such regimes to other countries, they launched a counter-attack which reaffirmed the merits, even the sacredness, of the capitalist order. The American "free enterprise" economy was held to be pre-eminently successful in its primary function of economic production, conferring increasing material benefits on ever greater numbers of people. It was also the repository of important supra-material moral, patriotic and religious values which had to be protected and defended against the onslaughts of communism. Capitalist society, especially in the United States, became self-consciously aggressive and defensive to an unprecedented degree. Conservative capitalism continues in this condition today. The growth of right-wing and militaristic tendencies in our society is a symptom of the late, pathological phase of defensiveness, a reaction to multiple threats, economic, political and moral.

Capitalism grew more rigid in the cold-war period and became increasingly regressive and repressive. The labor movement had previously been an important component of radical, reformist and progressive movements in this country. It was now included within the new conservative-defensive united front, as were large numbers of academics, professionals and middle-class intellectuals. This late-capitalist coalition achieved for a time a high degree of practical unity. In spite of diversity within its ranks, the conservative coalition was united by a consensus that the central historic task of the nation was to mobilize against the external and internal menace presented by developing Socialist power. Writing in *The Antioch Review*, Spring of 1960, the historian David J. Trask referred to "the chilly atmosphere of the Cold War," adding that ". . . to some extent at least, the revisionism so rampant among American historians is a response to our national desire for validation in history against the challenge of the Soviet Union. Many American historians, often subconsciously, feel a mission to enhance the new national unity they deem essential if we are to survive the present international crisis."

Marx's strategy and tactics of revolution had focused primarily on the internal, national "class struggle" within the industrialized nations. Capitalism was to be conquered through political action by the "active labor army," the best organized and best educated stratum of the proletariat, supplemented by allies from other classes who had joined in the common cause. The struggle was to be a conflict between two opposed interest groups, the side of labor representing—for Marx—that of the popular, democratic majority. Another kind of educational and cultural struggle was also involved. The enlightenment of the working class as to the nature of its own true class interest was to provide the chief *cultural* lever of revolutionary political-economic change.

In his later years, however, Marx came to recognize that the British working class—then the most developed and the best organized in the capitalist world—was becoming accommodated to British capitalism. It was settling into a role of interest-group opposition *within* the national-unity complex of capitalist society. His response to this difficulty was to look to revolutionary and national liberation movements outside the chief centers of capitalist power for the initiative required to topple the internal power structure and to bring local labor into ascendancy. He wrote, in a letter to Engels dated December 10, 1869: "The English working class will *never accomplish anything* until it has got rid of Ireland. The lever must be applied in Ireland. That is why the Irish question is so important for the social movement in general."

The "Irish question" and a good many others of like nature are still with us. In the United States, the racial question is now in the forefront, the difference from Ireland being that the black ghetto population is entirely within rather than partly outside the confines of the national territory.

Our present difficulties are also complicated by problems that were not so acute in the earlier period. The problems of man in nature and of man in relation to the humanly created environment are becoming unavoidable. This broadening of the ground may prove to be of considerable political importance, and any new sociology of revolution must take it into account. Problems of nature, ecology and environment are clearly beyond the scope of any particular occupational group or economic class. Forms of cultural revolution and of philosophical revolution are required in ways which could not be imagined by Marx or by most of the earlier intellectuals on the Left. But a few exceptional and prophetic voices did speak at least partly to the 20th century, whose outlines could even then be projected on the basis of existing trends. Marx himself was by no means unaware of the problem of man in relation to the resources of land and nature. American capitalism, he said, was undermining its own natural territorial resources at a more rapid rate than were the capitalist economies of the old world.

The American Christian Socialist minister, Walter Rauschenbusch, more than forty years later, paid more inclusive attention to problems of ecology, nature exploitation, urban environment and soil depletion in his *Christianity and the Social Crisis* (1907).

One independent radical thinker of the past seems to

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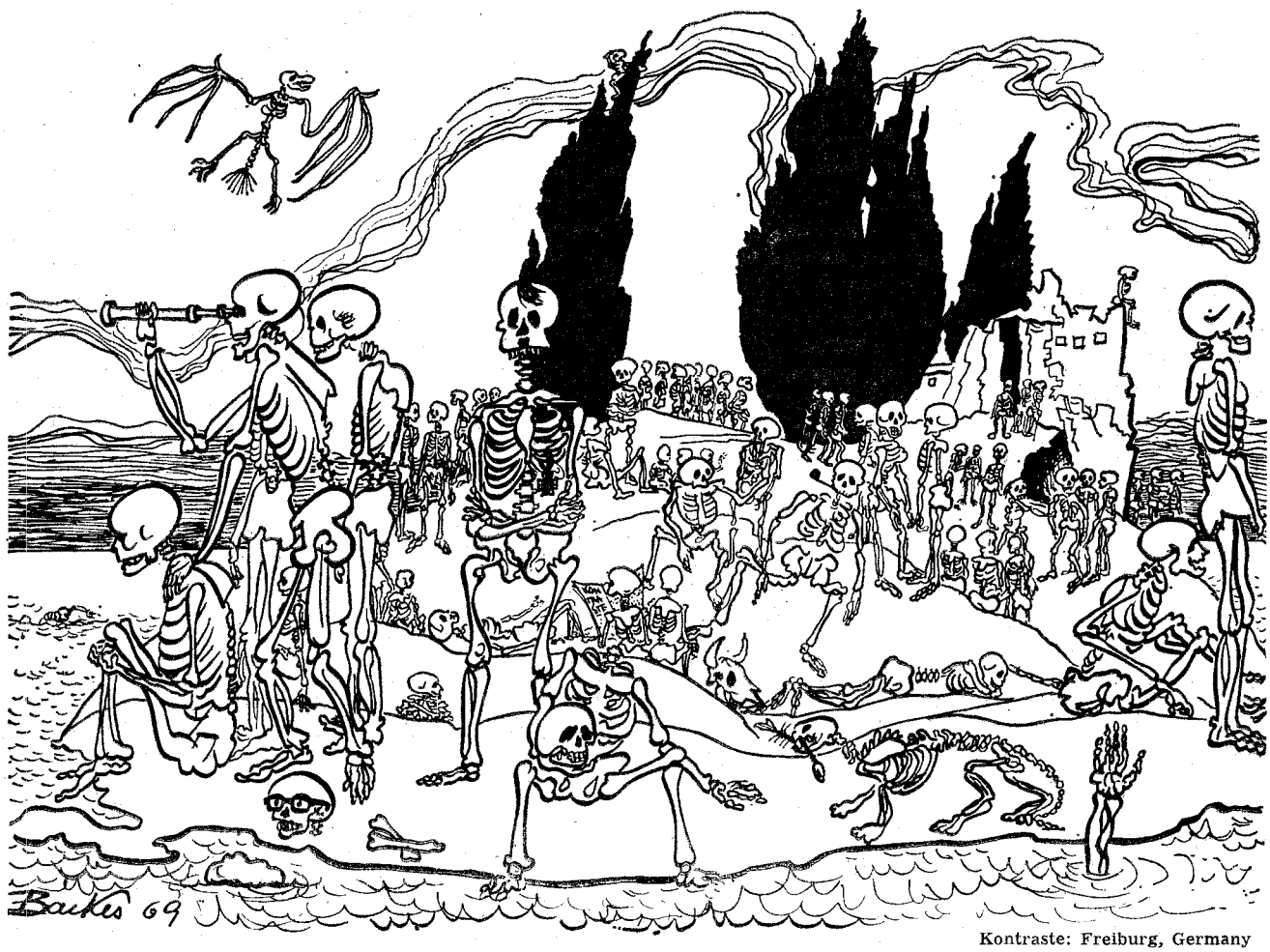
speak especially to the cultural mood of today. William Morris conceived that a *double* revolution would be required. *News from Nowhere* showed Morris to be acutely sensitive—emotionally and aesthetically—to the growing ecological blight of industrial-capitalist urban civilization. In that utopian fantasy a second cultural, anti-machine, revolution was required, after the initial political and economic revolution had been carried through by the united proletariat in the classic Marxist style.

Today we are faced, as a nation and as a people, with an almost overwhelming double necessity. There is need for a cultural and economic revolution that will cope with two somewhat separate though interrelated problems in the total national situation. We must deal simultaneously with problems of *man in nature* and problems of *man in relation to man.* Superficially, it may seem that this combination of the problems falls on the present generation with an overwhelming and crushing weight. We may think of ourselves as having a double reason for pessimism, for political discouragement. Yet one may draw a more optimistic conclusion from this conjuncture of circumstances.

One of the weaknesses of anti-capitalist radicalism in the past was the theoretical division of the human and national community into two irreconcilable camps. A certain segment of the Socialist movement—notably the radical-Christian socialism represented by Rauschenbusch—was never happy about this dualism. Today a number of dualistic but post-Marxist antagonisms are being recreated in some radical sections of the broad movement now emerging. The ecological issue, however, undercuts all dualisms of a simple kind. Such simplicities are undercut also for other reasons, but I shall refer here only to the Man in Nature problem.

Persons from more than one class are becoming alarmed by the ecological crisis and also by the questionable sanity of our national-military and national-economic behavior with respect to the land and to forms of natural life. The business community is itself partiallly divided on these and other problems. A gasp of horror goes up from more than one section of the American community at each new pathology of Pentagon power. The army research project which seeks to train birds for global military tasks is more than a little insane; it recalls the earlier naval project for training dolphins to carry underwater weapons. News of a still more dangerous navy project broke into the headlines of *The Washington Post* on Sunday, October 12, when readers were informed that "A Forest in Wisconsin is Being Wired for Doomsday." Nor is the madness confined to the military. A report (September 15) issued by the Wilderness Society warns that Alaska is "threatened by massive exploitation and crash development within the next year, triggered by newly found oil reserves. . . . 'Time is of the essence,' say the oil companies, who are anxious to cash in on



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their new-found bonanza and are mounting an all-out effort to exploit the resources of the North Country with wide-open, uncontrolled development." Marx is again pertinent: "After me, the deluge, is the watchword of every capitalist class and of every capitalist nation."

It is at least conceivable that a new national coalition, cutting across class and party, and devoted to reclaiming America from the *status quo* of contemporary capitalism, may develop. This might be a defense of the nation on its home ground. It would, however, be misleading to expect such a unity to include—even at best—any easy or automatic consensus of reconciliation with respect to serious and divisive problems and conflicts relating to matters of class, race, economic organizations and general socio-economic morality.

There are important, sometimes concealed, psychological dimensions to the difficulties of the present situation, reactions which influence the social and political process as well as the personal lives of individuals in ways that are scarcely comprehended by anyone today. These reactions are stimulated by the *war against death,* and by fears of *war to the death* which might annihilate our species.

Anticipations of a modern Armageddon have arisen among moralists, scientists, poets and writers for quite some time. In Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach," "ignorant armies clash by night," a phrase recently appropriated by Norman Mailer and applied to the American national "war and peace" struggle. The danger of war in general, of race suicide through war, has been a prominent theme among some modern poets as well as among psychiatrists. It is now being taken up by some naturalists and ethologists, and by laymen influenced by the new field approach to the study of animal behavior. One of the most arresting philosophical and poetic expressions of the thesis that humanity has inherent defects leading to race suicide is found in Edna St. Vincent Millay's sonnet sequence, "Epitaph for the Race of Man," written before World War II. The poet wrote:

Alas for man, so stealthily betrayed,
Bearing the bad cell in him from the start,
Pumping and feeding from his healthy heart
That wild disorder never to be stayed.

In more recent times, another vision of disaster appears, side by side with that of fratricidal annihilation. It is an "end of society" conception, anticipating a more limited, less physical, *social* type of dissolution. It is often localized within a particular national area. This image of social dissolution and national destruction is found in the writings of a good many present-day Americans, black and white. James Baldwin's forecast of catastrophe, *The Fire Next Time,* is one instance.

In some cases, one seems to detect a kind of shock reaction, incurred by new social perceptions of a discouraging and fearsome kind. A fairly mild expression can be seen in a letter from Dr. George Livingston, an army physician, graduate of the U.S. Military Academy and a veteran of Vietnam. He wrote *(Saturday Review,* September 20):

> The analogy is depressingly clear between our failure to relate successfully to the Vietnamese and to the black people who comprise an "underdeveloped nation" within our own society. In both cases our behavior is racist in the true sense of opposing the overwhelming forces generated by a people's search for pride and identity. The price of our lack of perception is defeat abroad, and, if not corrected, may be the dissolution of society at home.

Dr. Livingston's primary shock seems to have come from his first-hand encounter with the alienation of the "superiority complex" of dominant American society.

Marx, in the 19th century, had regarded capitalist economic society as already in a state of near-total dissolution. All interpersonal social ties between man and man had been disrupted, leaving nothing but an economic nexus of exchange and interdependency. As social beings, the atomized selves had been blasted loose from their communal moorings by the industrial revolution. Partial, limited recovery from dissolution was possible under capitalism in certain situations of group action, but full recovery from the social disaster would not take place until the ultimate stage of communism—the fully equalitarian society—had been achieved.

The spectacle of the destructiveness of man in nature is producing another style of catastrophic prophecy today. "Can Man Survive?" is now a publicized question, the reference being to the ecological situation. Josephine W. Johnson links the coming disaster to our specific capitalist society, but is on that account all the more pessimistic as to the outcome. She wrote (*The New York Times,* May 10):

> It is the well-dressed, law-abiding, patriotic, and upright citizens who are taking our country away from us. In the name of saving us, protecting us, and civilizing us, statesmen and generals, scientists and engineers, businessmen and Congressmen, are making us into a people without a country, dead souls and exiles. And we are paying to do it.
>
> In the name of saving and protecting us, the Pentagon has become the symbol of the greatest power on earth today. There it sits, a terrible mass of concrete. . . . Nothing in the world is like this concrete monster. It is like the great god Moloch into which the children were thrown as sacrifice. It is our greatest unnatural disaster. . . .
>
> After the first silent spring will come a short and suffocating summer, then asphalt autumn, and in the end, winter. Cold, clear, orderly, concrete winter. Winter forever.

The markedly older generation—the grandparental generation—has been exposed to an almost unremittting series of shocks and horrors, and some of its members have been deeply and personally affected by some or all of these experiences. This generation, reaching intellectual maturity before or during the American depression of the 1930s, then went on to witness the rise of fascism in Europe, the fascistic war against democratic Spain, the decimation and physical destruction of the German Communist Party in the first days of the Hitler regime, the mass slaughter of Jews which followed shortly thereafter, and the entire series of military and political events included in World War II. Many remember the sense of shock—almost the final straw—experienced when, at the close of World War II, the United States

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dropped atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. A glimpse into the terror of the abyss—the fear of the *uncontrollable* in man—was a vivid reality for a good many of us at that time.

The psychiatrist, Harry Stack Sullivan, delivered a brief address, "The Cultural Revolution to End War," on October 29, 1945, at the second series of W. A. White Memorial Lectures. He reported to his audience his own experience of insight-shock, occasioned by the recent atomic attack:

> The bomb that fell on Hiroshima punctuated history. . . . The gods of local certainties, of local moralities, of local loyalty, of personal salvation, of hate and prejudice and the intolerance of others passed into history. . . .
>
> The peoples of the world, wherever language reaches, caught a glimpse of Reality, felt with whatever terror a moment of insight into alike the minuscule and the magnificent in Human Being.

This passage was followed by a call to action:

> This is a challenge to each of us, and a challenge which each of us must meet. A decision to do nothing about it identifies one with the destructive principle which the great mass of humanity has not yet found a way to escape: one shows by inaction that one is of those who irresponsibly exploit their less fortunate fellows. Possible for how much longer? Can one be sure?

Sullivan took the challenge upon himself in an emphatic way, his reported comment being, "It appears that I'm about to make even more of a fool of myself than usual. . . ." Afflicted with a serious heart condition, he disregarded medical advice with full knowledge of the likely consequences to himself. He plunged into intense peace activity, aimed at mobilizing the profession of psychiatry and allied social sciences in an all-out endeavor to stop the destructive trends that seemed to be gaining momentum. He died in Paris, in January 1949, an early participant in a professional and scientific peace army which is now getting under way.

The distinction of Sullivan was that he was radical in a special and in an important sense. He upheld the cause of reason against unreason, of sanity against insanity, of enlightened science against reaction.

Visions of imminent destruction, man-induced, ideas of planetary desolation due to "unnatural disaster" of one kind or another, are grounded in objective reality. Subjectively, the experiencing of such outcomes in the nightmares of the imagination can serve a useful and indeed a necessary function. Sullivan may well have been right in seeing the release of atomic energy for destruction as a "punctuation of history," spelling out a break in continuity to be followed either by the end of Western nationalism as we know it, or else by a catastrophe of horror. It is a statement of the obvious that Western civilization has culminated in a historical crisis. The events of this century must be placed against the background of the entire sweep of history.

The late R. H. Tawney, a Socialist whose philosophy reflected a personal serenity not attainable by most radical thinkers of our time, told a British audience in 1949: "Each generation must write its history for itself, and draw its own deductions from that already written, not because the conclusions of its predecessors are untrue, but for a practical reason. Different answers are required, because different questions are asked. Standing at a new point on the road, it finds that fresh ranges of the landscape come into view, whose unfamiliar intricacies demand an amplification of traditional charts."

There is nothing intricate about the landscapes of desolation that come into the current visions of social and world disaster. There is only the simplicity of death and the anarchy of the unimaginable. But turning back to the hope provided by the various forms of radical and progressive thought and action now beginning in this country will involve facing the complexities of life and of reason. The time permitted for the necessary cultural and social revolution will be extended, as rationality expands. New forms of indispensable simplicity in social action and social purpose may be expected to grow out of a clearer understanding of some of our most essential public tasks.

RED MAN'S HERITAGE

THE LAGOON OF EXCREMENT

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Pine Ridge, S.D.

When important politicians pass through the land of the Oglala Sioux, local Bureau of Indian Affairs officials sometimes persuade Charlie Red Cloud to put on his feathered regalia and come into the reservation's main community, Pine Ridge, to have his picture taken shaking hands with the visiting dignitaries.

Such are the erosions of custom that Charlie is only a ceremonial chief, but he has impeccable credentials, being descended from the "original" Red Cloud, who in the pantheon of Sioux heroes probably ranks just below Sitting Bull, the spoiler of General Custer. A hundred years ago Red Cloud whipped the U.S. Army and forced a treaty on his own terms regarding the penetration of the Sioux hunting domain by white travelers.

So politicians should be proud to shake the hand of Charlie Red Cloud. Yet he is always asked to come to them. They never go out to his home for the ceremonial handshake and photo. And the reasons are obvious. For one thing, they might never make it. In the rainy season the road to Charlie's home, though it is just outside town, is a bog. And to get there the visitor must pass between

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the city dump on the left and, on the right, a shiny pond into which the community of Pine Ridge poured its raw sewage for several years. From Chief Red Cloud's residence, one has a perfect view of both the dump and the lagoon of excrement.

Another reason why the old chieftain's home may be avoided by visiting politicians is that it is an embarrassment to behold, being, from a distance, almost indistinguishable in size and shape from its outhouse. Charlie has no electricity, no plumbing. In the new democracy of this impoverished reservation, that's the way ceremonial chiefs must live—like just about everybody else.

Because the white man's government feared the original Red Cloud as much as it hated him, it built the old chief a handsome two-story home on the reservation, hoping that that would keep him happy and out of mischief. But since the white man's government today neither fears nor hates Charlie Red Cloud, but is completely indifferent to him, he gets nothing.

No minority group in this country is as poor as the 380,000 or so Indians who live on reservations. The average family income for Indians is said to be about $1,500, but the average on-reservation income is much lower. Unemployment ranges from 45 per cent to 98 per cent, the latter being the winter rate on some of the Dakota reservations. The Bureau of Indian Affairs estimates that 71 per cent of reservation Indians live in inadequate housing, but a more accurate estimate—90 per cent—is given by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., in his recent *The Indian Heritage of America.*

These national figures readily apply to the Oglala Sioux. A couple of years ago Robert Kennedy visited the Pine Ridge Reservation. Because he promised to help them, the residents remember him with affection, and they enjoy pointing out the very cabin at which Senator Kennedy began his tour of the town. (It is a one-room cabin which, in fact, looks better than most of the other dwellings.)

Recently, for *The Nation*, I backtracked over Kennedy's path to see what improvements had been made—not by him, since he had no time to make good on his promises, but by others who might have been goaded into action by the national notoriety Kennedy gave to Pine Ridge.

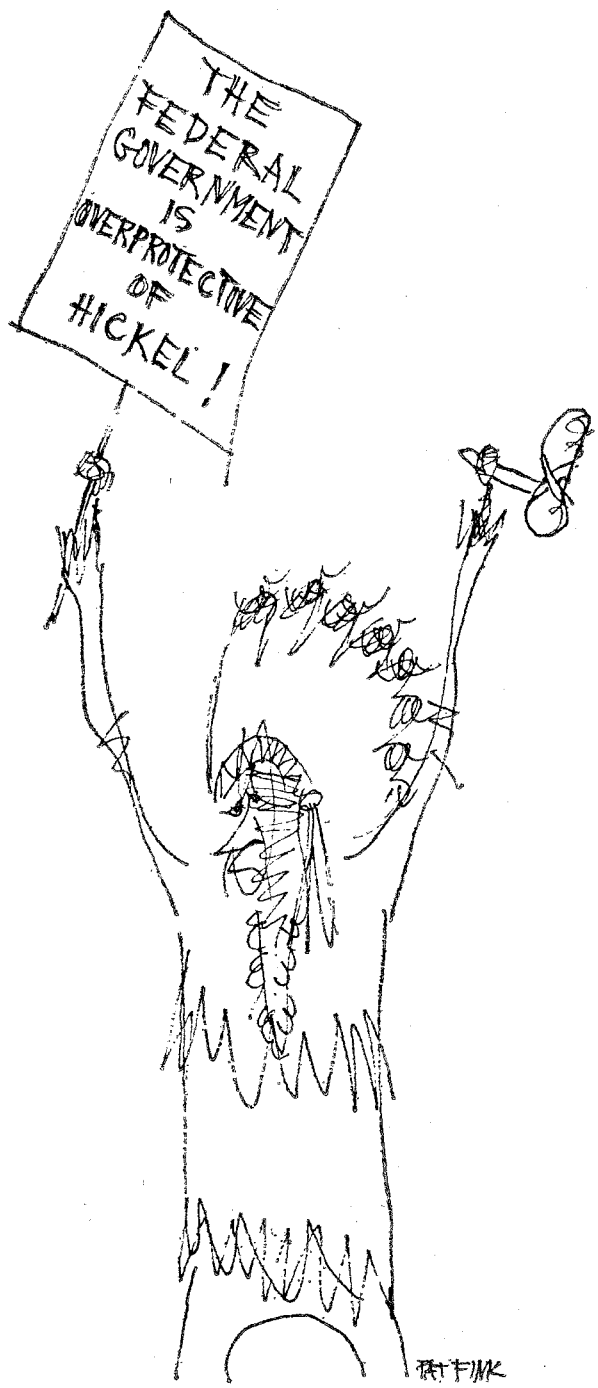
There were a few improvements, but even some of these few seemed to have been made in a mood of black humor. For instance, the Pine Ridge Reservation has a brand-new landing strip. It is long enough to accommodate jetliners, but as far as I could discover, no Indian on this reservation owns even a Piper Cub. Most could not afford a kite.

The Bureau of Indian Affairs disclaims responsibility for this "improvement." They say it was contracted for by the tribe's own politicians and paid for out of the tribe's budget. If that is true, it would support what some of the Indians say—that when the BIA doesn't get to them, their own venal politicians do.

For more than ninety years many of the Oglala Sioux have made every effort to go along with the white man's programs. They have lived in peace, but they have been almost totally unproductive because they have been given nothing to work with. They have no capital base on which to build.

The Pine Ridge Reservation has no bank. It has no dry goods store, no department store, no hotel or motel, no dime store, no theatre, no drugstore worth mentioning, none of the usual outlets for "comfort commerce." Neither does it have a hardware store, a feed store or a farm equipment agency.

The government spent $10,000 on a study of the prospects for building a profitable motel on the reservation,



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and the study showed that it would work. But the Small Business Administration turned down the application for construction money. Off-reservation banks display the usual coolness to Indian enterprise. It is reportedly easy for an Indian to get a loan to buy a car, but difficult for him to get a loan to buy a tractor.

Aside from the highways that pass through the community of Pine Ridge, there is only one paved street on the "Indian side" of town (on the other side, where the U.S. Public Health Service and Bureau of Indian Affairs bureaucrats live, many of the streets are paved). This one paved street leads to what is locally known, with the wry humor in which these Indians excel, as "the industrial square." There is no industry on industrial square. The only building is a warehouse holding the U.S. Government commodities (flour, meal, etc.) that are given to the Indians to keep them from literally starving to death. The only industry on the reservation is a moccasin factory that hires about thirty Indians. There used to be a couple of fishhook factories, but these died when wholesalers found that the work could be done more cheaply by Swedes and Japanese.

In housing, employment and life style, the 10,000 to 12,000 Sioux (I got differing estimates of the population) on the Pine Ridge Reservation are still untouched by the benevolence of Washington. A few families are living in abandoned auto bodies. Some families live in tents, some in abandoned chicken coops. Many families (possibly as many as 50 per cent, conservative observers say) will spend this winter and the rest of their lives in minuscule huts with dirt floors. At least 75 per cent of the dwellings on this reservation have no plumbing.

At least two-thirds of the working-age men have no steady employment. Their families subsist on welfare checks and commodity handouts. The tribe leases out thousands of acres of farming and grazing land to white men at bargain rates (because most of the Indians can't raise enough money to buy herds or farming equipment themselves), and some of this lease money is distributed. But it is easy to find Indians who get virtually nothing from this communism. One woman said she received $1.20 as her share last year; another said she received $13 for the year.

One old woman, Grandma Tobacco they called her, said she would have received $392 last year from lease money, but that the Bureau of Indian Affairs had given her some food during the winter and deducted the cost of that from the payments. She also accused the BIA of deducting the cost of her son's funeral. Because she was supposed to get $392, Grandma Tobacco said, she couldn't receive regular welfare payments. When we visited Grandma Tobacco, she was patching her hut with mud in preparation for the bitter cold South Dakota winter ahead, and on the radiator of an abandoned car (it seems that the white car dealers in the towns surrounding the reservation have succeeded in unloading all their junk cars on the Indians) she was drying the hooves and anklebones from a cow. There was no meat on the bones, but she said she would boil the hooves and bones and a few strips of hide and make soup from them later this winter. There was no plumbing in her hut. She carries water from a creek, a mile and a half down the hill. She is 77.

When the military establishment at Igloo, S.D., closed down, it wiped out the town, and a few of the small frame buildings were shipped to the reservation and sold to the Indians for houses. Sally Little Flower (that isn't her real name), her husband and nine children moved into one of them. It was quite a step up from her previous home, which was 9 by 12 feet in floor span—about the size of an ordinary living room rug. In that box of a home they had slept and eaten—except in the summer, when the children slept in two car hulls outside. In the winter the nine children slept on the floor.

In their previous home, Sally's family bathed one at a time; and when that one person was bathing, the other ten persons stayed outside to permit some privacy. In their new home, despite its small size (too small to permit all to eat at one sitting even if they use the kitchen and living room for it), there is a bathroom. The only trouble is: there is no plumbing. The U.S. Public Health Service has the responsibility for installing the plumbing in reservation homes, and for two years it has claimed that it lacked the money to install the pipes.

So Sally's family hauls water in two milk cans. They have been getting it at the Sun Dance grounds (a kind of public fair grounds) a couple of miles away, but now their car has broken down and they aren't sure where they will get their water. Still, they are among the luckier ones. Some Indians who live in the back-country part of the reservation must haul water for 12 miles.

Nobody knows for sure how many need housing on the Pine Ridge Reservation, but Eugene Rooks, a member of the tribe and director of its housing program, told me that, assuming there are 3,000 families, at least 2,500 are in critical need of new shelter.

The government has made virtually no effort to fill this need. Before 1960 it did nothing at all; since then it has built about 200 houses to rent and to sell. There is some talk that fifty or so houses will be started next May.

But the requirements for buying these new houses would be uniquely discriminatory against just about everyone. Under federal standards, to be eligible to buy a two-bedroom home one would have to earn at least $2,805 a year. The average annual income on the Pine Ridge Reservation is well below half that amount. Also, houses won't be built for Indians who live more than one-quarter mile from an all-weather road. According to Rooks that automatically eliminates 95 per cent of the Indians on the reservation.

In an effort to meet the paving requirements, at least in the community of Pine Ridge, Rooks applied to the regional office of the Urban Renewal Agency in Chicago for money to build streets and sewers. Agency officials replied: "We don't do that sort of thing. You don't understand the purpose of urban renewal. We will inform you as to the projects available under urban renewal if you wish. We'll send you a handbook."

But no handbook was sent, and when Rooks wrote again requesting it, the regional office replied: "The Ur-

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ban Renewal Handbook is not distributed through the regional office. Your subscription for the handbook should be ordered from the Superintendent of Documents in Washington, D.C. The price is $14. If we can be of further assistance, please contact us." This kind of maddening federal shuffle is the normal reception to applications from the tribal government.

It isn't that the federal government is ignorant of Indian needs. The BIA admits that about 5,000 new homes are needed by South Dakota Indians and that 2,300 of those now standing are in desperate need of repair. As Rooks explained: "We have been surveyed to death. Every cotton-picking college, large or small, that gets a grant to study the Indians descends on us. We've got surveys gathering dust for a hundred years in the BIA office. This whole thing is awfully humorous, but it is tragic, too."

Oddly enough, the situation at Pine Ridge is not altogether hopeless. It is quite true that the BIA and the various housing and economic development agencies of the federal government have given every indication of wanting to ignore Pine Ridge for another 100 years. The Farmers Home Administration, for example, has shown much more interest in building swimming pools and golf courses for the rural wealthy than in putting up homes for the rural poor, including Indians.

Nevertheless, some grass-roots efforts are being made on the Indians' behalf. The help is coming, of all places, from electric cooperative associations. Although in recent years most rural electric cooperatives have seemed more bent on making money than on upgrading life in their areas, the Dakota co-ops—largely through the leadership of Harlan Severson, top official with the East River Electric Power Cooperative of South Dakota—still adhere to many of the enthusiasms of Midwest radicals.

Recently, some of these co-ops held a rural low-cost housing conference in Sioux Falls. It had to be pitched —and properly so—to improving housing for both whites and Indians, since whites in that area don't get very excited about helping Indians alone. The case for both races was made dramatic enough by Dr. George Rucker, research director for the Rural Housing Alliance, who told the conference that, at the present rate of construction, the 53,000 housing units needed by Dakota families won't be completed until the year 2016.

If the co-ops, which have some political leverage even under Republican administrations, can get the construction started, Chief Red Cloud's folks just might be able to sneak a few houses for themselves into the program.

And if the co-ops fail, there is always reason to place confidence in youth. More than 50 per cent of the inhabitants of the dreary Pine Ridge Reservation are under the age of 16. They are becoming more vocal, more militant all the time. The movement so far is not sufficiently organized to disturb Washington, and the older Indians give no encouragement to the militancy. Few of the older ones would even talk about their troubles. As one ancient said angrily, "It is nobody's business how the Indian lives." But the younger members of the tribe, especially those who have wandered off for a time to Milwaukee and Minneapolis and Los Angeles, are beginning to talk about forcing Washington to pay attention. What Pine Ridge perhaps needs most is some convincing war paint on the young braves' clubhouses.

SULFUR AND DALEY

THE LAWLESS AIR

RALPH WHITEHEAD, Jr.
Mr. Whitehead has recently resigned from the news staff of the Chicago Sun-Times *to complete a book on Chicago.*

For its celebration of Cleaner Air Week, Chicago's pollution control agency rounded up a dozen tots at the Civic Center Plaza, gave them bright balloons, and sent them off to stand next to executives for the major polluting industries, posing for promotion photographs in front of Picasso's renowned sculpture—an entirely suitable backdrop, since its dusky color is a patina caused by seriously polluted air.

At the plaza's edge, several college students handed out balloons of their own. These were the color of soot and printed with a single word—"GASP!" After passers-by began eagerly to accept and flaunt these symbols of mild protest, William Stanley, head of the pollution agency, struck back. Spotting an elderly woman with one of these balloons, he suddenly grabbed her, took away her balloon, and broke it. Then, as Miss Cleaner Air Week scuttled off to join the photography sessions, Stanley realized that the college students now stood in the camera's background, so he shouted to an aide, "Get that goddam broad back here!" And another aide, the agency's public relations man, tried to brief some of the polluting executives on the character of the conservatively dressed protesters. ("These are extreme leftists, of course," he said, "obviously moratorium types. . . ." One of the polluters then asked, "Are they Communists, do you suppose?" The P.R. man smiled and replied, "Well, naturally, I don't like to use *labels*." The executives smiled, knowingly, and nodded.) Soon the students ran out of balloons and left the celebration, which quickly relaxed into the routine for Chicago, a city whose air is polluted at twice—and often three times —the levels dangerous to health. Only New York City, reports the United States Public Health Service, has filthier air.

Despite such statistics, the administration of Richard Daley fights pollution lackadaisically, at best. Al-

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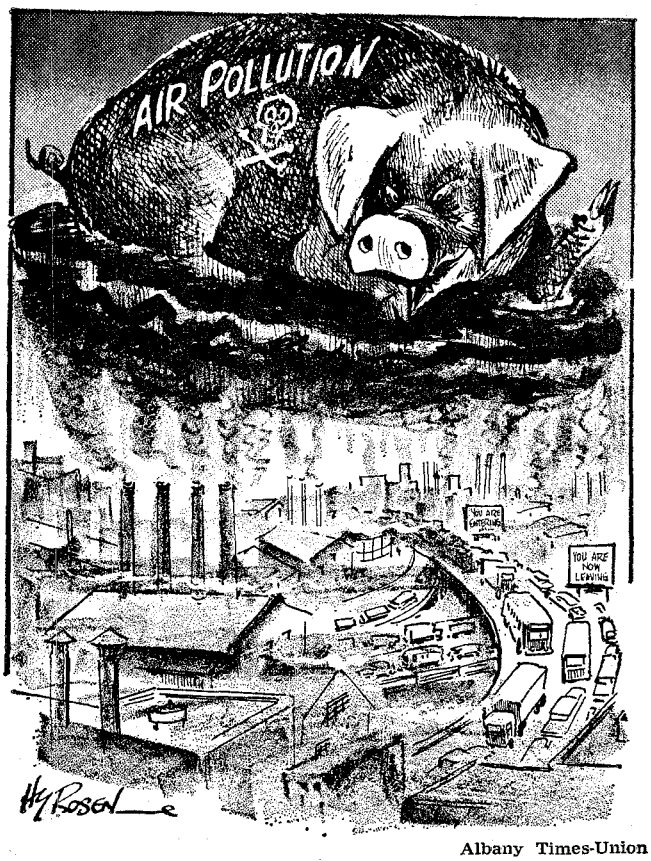
though Chicago's control ordinance is comprehensive, its penalties are weak ($200 maximum fine for a violation), and they are rarely invoked. The politics of Chicago's pollution efforts show a good deal of the other side of the law-and-order coin in Daley's realm.

The City Council, for example, voted during 1968 to limit, as of last July, the sulfur content of coal burned locally. Commonwealth Edison's six Chicago area power stations burn high-sulfur coal and emit at least half of the city's sulfur dioxide, so at first it threatened not



Albany Times-Union

to comply. "We'll either have to operate illegally," said an Edison executive, "or else turn off the lights." Then the utility reconsidered. It instead sought, before the July deadline, a year's exemption from the new law (presumably this would be the first of many yearly exemptions, since Edison's forecasts call for the use of high-sulfur coal until 1980). This exemption request was to be decided by the Air Pollution Control Appeals Board at a public hearing.

Ordinarily, this hearing would have gone easily for Edison. For one thing, it's an influential company. Its executives sit on all the right civic committees, one of its top men is a close friend of Mayor Daley and, during lean years for Democratic patronage, Edison is known to do some hiring. For another, the appeals board is named—and obviously influenced—by the Mayor. Its chairman, the husband of Daley's niece, used to be a lawyer for the city but left that job when he was accused of laxness in enforcing local ordinances. Another board member used to be the Daley family's obstetrician, and two others on the six-man panel have ties to big polluters. (The Mayor, incidentally, tried at first to torpedo the idea of an appeals board. It was set up during 1959 and, for nearly two years, he declined to appoint anyone to it. After some time, he found suitable talent.)

At this hearing a Hyde Park neighborhood group asked to intervene. It wanted to cross-examine Edison's witnesses and offer its own technical testimony. The board members were shocked; nothing like this had happened before. (Although its hearings are public, the board's practice has been to give notice only to the industries involved.) The board consequently refused the request.

Then, at the last City Council meeting before the sulfur law was to take effect, Mayor Daley ordered his council majority to delay the law for a year. Edison continues to keep its original exemption request on file, apparently planning to escape the 1970 date for the sulfur limitation.

Chicago's major steel producers (U.S. Steel, Republic, Interlake and Wisconsin) already have their sulfur pollution exemptions. But although the mills needn't comply on that score until 1972, they must cut their dust emissions according to an annual timetable and submit yearly compliance reports to the appeals board. The board scheduled a meeting several weeks ago to acknowledge the latest of these reports and, again, there was an attempt at public intervention, this time by a coalition of South Chicago block clubs, whose neighborhood lies directly beneath the belching mill stacks. Lawyers for this alliance tried for weeks before the hearing to look at the board's public records on the steel companies. Not until the neighborhood filed a federal suit for the records did the board consent.

One of the documents thus obtained is a critique of the 1969 steel report, prepared by an engineer for the Chicago control agency who quit shortly afterward. According to the abatement timetable, the mills this year must show a 79 per cent reduction in dust emissions since 1963—their report shows an 80 per cent cut. However, the engineer's report estimates the actual cut at only 38 per cent since 1963, and a mere 6 per cent during the last four years. While the two smaller companies are meeting the schedule, the engineer's analysis continued, U.S. Steel and Republic actually are increasing their pollution. (Together they pumped 40,000 tons of dust into the air during the latest year period.) The increase was caused by heavier production made possible by new techniques and equipment. The big mills had failed to tell the control agency of their new technology, the engineer said, and thus violated one of the terms of the exemption agreement. This document clearly gave the appeals board the ground for cutting off the exemption enjoyed by U.S. Steel and Republic.

At the hearing, however, the board would allow no testimony on the engineering analysis. Attention went instead to the self-serving report by the steel mills. "The company report speaks for itself," said the board's chairman. He also refused to hear the South Chicago group. When these citizens silently handed him their petition to intervene, he threw it aside, unread, and declared, "Petition denied." The Democratic alderman for South Chicago was allowed to make a statement. "The skies are still dark," he said, "but all this pollution is coming

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over from Indiana." The exemption for the steel mills was upheld.

After the outcry provoked by maneuvers like these, the Daley administration found a striking way to respond. It hopes to get the public mind off the pollution record of local industry by focusing concern on auto exhaust fumes—a critical pollution problem, yet one that doesn't call as heavily on local responsibility. Consequently, after the Justice Department had scandalously settled this September for a consent decree in its antitrust suit against the four major auto makers and their trade group (they conspired, the government said, to keep auto pollution control devices off the market), friends of the Mayor decided to bring their own private suit, a civil action, against the Big Three auto makers. The suit makes the same charge and asks to use the government's evidence. At the last minute, Mayor Daley declined to announce the filing, but the case is handled by two administration aldermen who also are private law partners, Paul Wigoda and City Council floor leader Thomas Keane. These two can do the political job for the Mayor, possibly pick up a quick $3 billion (treble damages are at stake), keep a chunk of it as their fee, and pick out injured parties to get the rest. "If they won, they'd be sort of like the Ford Foundation," observed a City Hall retainer.

ACADEMIC COLONIALISM

NOT SO INNOCENT ABROAD

GERALD D. BERREMAN

Mr. Berreman is a professor of anthropology at the University of California. During 1968-69 he used a Fulbright-Hays scholarship to make an anthropological study of a North Indian city, and taught as an honorary visiting professor in the Department of Sociology at the University of Delhi's School of Economics. In 1968, Mr. Berreman resigned from the Himalayan Border Countries Project on learning that it was to be financed by the Department of Defense. His Hindus of the Himalayas *(University of California Press) is based on studies made during an earlier stay in India.*

In the summer of 1968, American scholars of South Asian studies found their research in India jeopardized by disclosure in the New Delhi Parliament that the University of California's Himalayan Border Countries Project was to be financed for three years in the amount of $282,844 by the United States Department of Defense. This project had been in existence on a modest scale for several years under civilian, nongovernmental sponsorship. It comprised a number of independent, nonsecret investigations into the society, culture and politics of India's northern border region, to be carried out by scholars from a number of American universities. The region is politically sensitive, and India's response to the Defense Department connection was vigorous; the project died. At the same time, visa applications by all American social science scholars were held up and closely scrutinized. There seems to have been pre-existing doubts about the aims and desirability of all foreign social science research, but the suspicions were exacerbated by the disclosures and resultant political clamor regarding the Himalayan Project. These events followed by less than six months the termination of activities by the Asia Foundation in India, requested by the government of India when it became known that the foundation had been receiving money from the CIA.

In the past year a more sweeping decision has been reported from India that no social science projects supported by United States Government funds will be approved, although it seems that individual scholars will be permitted to work on research fellowships, if their plans and sources of funds are approved by the appropriate Indian Government agencies. This unhappy picture for American scholars is complemented in the United States by drastic reductions in financial support for research in India—reductions by at least 50 per cent in the major sources, which are primarily governmental but unassociated with the defense or intelligence establishments.

The people most sadly affected are the American scholars who regard their work as a legitimate, sympathetic pursuit of knowledge contributing to international understanding, the results of which will be available to all and will serve no single or ulterior interest. These men and women have devoted many years to learning the languages and cultures of South Asia and to acquiring high competence in their various disciplines (notably anthropology, economics, geography, history, linguistics, philosophy, political science, sociology and related fields). They have, for the most part, earned the respect and friendship of their Indian colleagues. Suddenly all of this is threatened.

It is a bitter but hardly surprising fact of life to these scholars that money for their work has dwindled as the American national administration has become more conservative, as the nation's resources continue to be devoted to the war machine, and as support for social science research has shifted to topics and regions of more immediate strategic interest than those of South Asia. They recognize it as ominous but not remarkable that increasing numbers of their colleagues have been driven to the Defense Department for funds to support research which is for the most part open and as innocuous as any can be these days. Increasingly, that has been the only place where funds could be readily found, or found at all. (The civilian backing of the ill-starred Himalayan Project had dried up when the Defense Department stepped in.)

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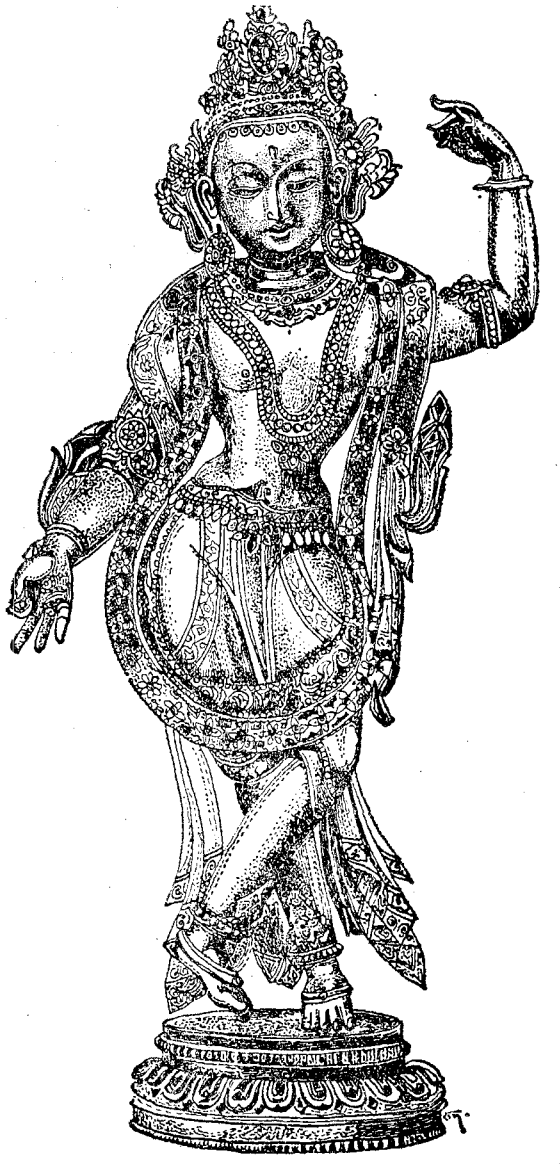

But if some potential recipients of such funds have been willing to sacrifice long-run research opportunities for short-term financial advantages, many scholars have been aware of the inherent dangers. They have realized that, regardless of their own scientific objectivity, their investigations inevitably have social and political implications for the host nation. No matter how pure the researchers' motives, the research—particularly when supported by the defense or intelligence agencies—may be regarded by local authorities as dangerous or inappropriate, and it is *that* definition which is crucial for the continued opportunity to pursue the studies. The executive board of the American Anthropological Association put the matter clearly in a 1967 statement on Problems of Research and Ethics which was adopted by the Fellows of the Association. It said in part:

> Anthropologists engaged in research in foreign areas should be especially concerned with the possible effects of their sponsorship and sources of financial support. Although the Department of Defense and other mission-oriented branches of the Government support some basic research in the social sciences, their sponsorship may nevertheless create an extra hazard in the conduct of fieldwork and jeopardize future access to research opportunities in the areas studied.

The concern thus expressed seems justified in light of testimony presented before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, May 9, 1968, on "Defense Department Sponsored Foreign Affairs Research." In an introductory statement, John S. Foster, Jr., director of Defense Research and Engineering of the Department of Defense, said of projects sponsored by his department in foreign areas: "We are interested only in those so-called cultural and social factors that have clear relationship to defense activities. Today this spans a great range because the Defense Department shares responsibility for many international activities." He went on to say that the Defense Department seeks "understanding of how to deter war and build a peaceful world. Part of this understanding comes, in turn, from social and behavioral sciences research and foreign area assessments related to any contingency and area in which a substantial American commitment might occur" (see also *The Nation*, July 22, 1968). These statements suggest the reasons why most scholars shy away from Defense Department money and why they find naive at best the belief of some of their colleagues that the source of funds is irrelevant if the research is pure—certainly it is not irrelevant in the nations where they hope to be made welcome.

The reaction in Indian political circles has been what one might expect. In the case of the Himalayan project, for example, the government found itself subject to criticism from every opposition quarter for appearing to permit American defense-oriented research in its sensitive border regions. The leftist *National Herald* said in an irate editorial on August 7, 1968:

> The External Affairs Ministry seems to be innocent of many things, and the Education Ministry is not only innocent but ignorant. But someone in authority should have known the implications of such a project as the California University's research on the Himalayan border countries. The university's authorities could not have been innocent or ignorant of what research in the Himalayan border means, and if there was any doubt among others, it should now be dispelled by the report that the project has been partly financed by an agency of the mighty U.S. Defence Department. . . . The Government should have been correctly advised on the Himalayan project . . . [which] should never have been approved by anyone alive to the nation's self-respect and security.

The government reacted quickly; and the compromised research was not undertaken.

The problems are real, they are now widely recognized and, while there are no easy solutions, some attempts at amelioration are in progress. One of the most notable, although it would appear to come too late to help in India, has been the continuing effort by Senators Fulbright, Harris and others to initiate a National Social Science Foundation to facilitate nonmilitary government sponsorship of nonmilitary projects. The Senate voted recently to cut substantially Defense Department funds for this type of research. Meanwhile, the Committee on South Asia of the Association for Asian Studies is seeking additional nongovernment money to supplement the dwindling

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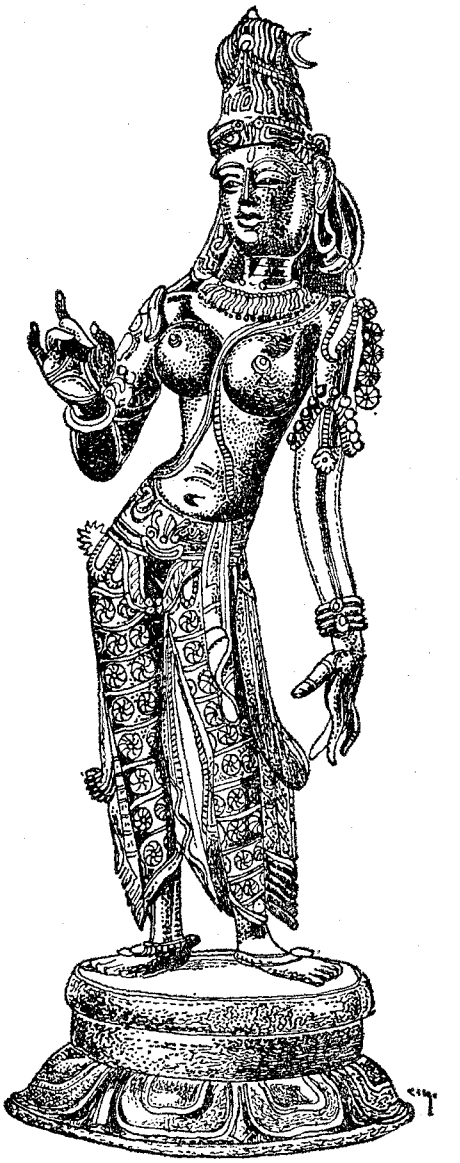
sources available for support of American post-doctoral studies in South Asia.

But these are not the gravest problems facing American social scientists in India. A more fundamental and far-reaching threat to their opportunities has only recently come to the shocked attention of many of those whom it will affect. It is the questioning by Indian scholars of the prerogatives foreigners have enjoyed in their research in India. This attitude is familiar in other regions of the world, and it will no doubt increase in intensity everywhere. In India it is found especially among the young, dynamic generation of scholars who had not borne the brunt of political colonialism or the Independence period, but who have experienced the social, economic and political frustrations of the post-Independence era. Many of them are at least partly foreign-trained, but they have resisted the temptations of the "brain drain," often at considerable personal sacrifice, in order to participate in the hoped for solution to India's problems. Their questioning of foreign research in India is sharp and uncompromising. Its tone is best suggested by their own term: "academic colonialism." What some would define as the exercise of free and objective inquiry among members of the international community of scholars, they see as a threat to India's scientific and ideological independence, to its self-interest and self-respect. The attitudes underlying this point of view are associated with opposition to political, economic and cultural colonialism throughout the world, and to a similar exploitation characterized as "internal colonialism" by blacks and other minorities in the United States.

The issue came vividly to my attention during an international seminar at the Indian Institute of Advanced Study in July 1968, shortly before the Himalayan Project reached public notice. An Indian social anthropologist who had received his postgraduate degree in Australia and taught in the United Kingdom before returning to India, gave a paper entitled "Science and *Swaraj*" (self-rule), using in the title a watchword of the Independence movement. He made the point that Indian social science is dominated by foreign money and ideology; that foreigners (especially Americans and Britons) largely determine what research is to be done and how. Extremely little money is available to Indian social scientists; foreign scholars, by comparison, arrive lavishly financed. Therefore, foreigners carry out an overwhelmingly disproportionate amount of such research in India, although the absolute amount is modest indeed. Outside dominance is accomplished by characteristically colonial attitudes of academic superiority and is enhanced in turn by a concession of that superiority on the part of many Indian scholars. Too many of them defer to the prestige of foreign degrees, foreign publications and foreign ideas, and those who do attract most of the scarce local resources. The Indian anthropologist said in his paper: "The existing system of foreign aid in science . . . upholds the system of foreign dominance in all matters of scientific and professional life and organization. It is nothing but the satellite system, with an added subsidy." He called for the development of an Indian social science, attuned to Indian problems and with Indian standards of relevance, ethics and excellence, to replace the predominant scientific internationalism that implicitly denigrates indigenous science and scientists. Others have referred directly to the racism inherent in many Western scholars' assessments of Asian scholarship.

In December 1968 the Indian intellectual journal *Seminar* published a symposium of six papers under the title "Academic Colonialism." The authors showed special concern about the potential intelligence activities of foreign academics, or at least the intelligence uses made of their findings. They expressed alarm at the tendency to judge scholarship by foreign standards, with the result that research topics, methods and analyses relevant to the Indian situation are being ignored. A complementary concern was that overreaction might produce an equally dangerous devaluation of *all* that is foreign in science and scholarship.

The remedies suggested for these ills might disturb foreign scholars even more than the ailments identified. One writer proposed a five-year moratorium on foreign aid for academic needs in India, and an end to foreign experts, advisers and visiting professors, and perhaps a



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ban on foreign travel by Indian scholars. In his concluding words, "Academic autarchy is the most appropriate slogan for the present generation of academics." Another contributor suggested, among other things, a panel of Indian experts to screen all research proposed by foreign scholars, to comment on their academic and technical qualifications, on their sources of money and on the implications of their work for the national interest. He advocated a similar screening for Indian scholars but without a judgment as to projects' desirability, "political or otherwise." And he advocated the founding of a social science archive where copies of all data collected by foreign scholars in India would be deposited. Other authors suggested less drastic measures to protect India's autonomy in social science, without jeopardizing the benefits to be derived from foreign contacts.

The basic motivation for this new assertiveness is not unlike that of black Americans who today call for separatism in order to rebuild a shattered self-esteem and to create institutions responsive to the needs and desires of their own people, long and disastrously excluded from the institutions and rewards of the dominant society. As one contributor to the symposium put it, the political problem for the Indian is whether he will be a cog in someone else's research wheel, or be in a position of control or at least parity through hard bargaining, pitting the double advantage of his expertise and his position as citizen of the host nation against the monetary resources of the foreign researcher. If the conditions of research "are unfavorable to the [Indian] researcher or his and his country's dignity to the slightest degree, the proposal should be rejected forthwith."

The problem of academic colonialism is real both for Indians and for foreign scholars in India. Many of the latter are surprised that it is raised by those with whom they felt they had the greatest rapport. But surprise should not turn to anger or to pessimism. The editor of the *Seminar* symposium indicated in his introductory essay that "the situation demands sober and balanced assessment, accurate perception and definition of reality, aware that our own judgments are the only ultimate basis for public policy." American scholars would do well to heed this statement and its implications. The financial, political and prestige advantage we have enjoyed for many years are now disappearing along with other, more widely recognized aspects of colonialism. Indian scholars welcome this disappearance, and I believe that thoughtful scholars everywhere should do the same; it signals the end of intellectual subservience. Whatever the future availability and distribution of funds, Americans will never again find unquestioning acquiescence in their research plans. In India, as in most of the rest of the world, they will be questioned: why this research; how will it benefit you; how will it benefit us; what are your qualifications to do it, and what will be our role? If forthright and satisfactory answers are not given, and quickly, the research will simply be banned. The same questions are being asked here at home by the dispensers of funds, and unfortunately the answers they demand of researchers in foreign areas are often precisely antithetical to those demanded by the host nations. Those who provide the money here want control and relevance to their interests; those who permit research in their own lands want control and relevance to *their* interests. The dilemma can be solved in only one way: funds must come from sources acceptable to the host nations, and projects must be designed to coincide with their interests and their standards of scientific and social relevance. Projects will be judged partly in terms of fostering a social environment and an identity consistent with the final disappearance of colonization and the emergence of true equality and reciprocity in a nation's relationships with other nations and other peoples. Approval of research will inevitably depend on nationalistic as well as scientific criteria.

The only hope for continued American academic research abroad (as among our own ethnic minorities) lies in genuine responsiveness to the needs, desires and demands of the host communities. This means not only conformity to explicit requirements when those are set forth but evidence of full respect for the intellect, judgment and responsibility of scholars and citizens in the other society. Scholarly respect has too often taken the form of lip service. It has been easy to express collaborative and reciprocal intent, but harder to make certain that Indian colleagues have the opportunity to share in the choice of research topic, in its planning and execution, in the analysis and writing of results. It has been easy to send social science graduate students to India for research, but harder to be sure that Indian students can participate in American-financed research in India or come here for study. It has been easy to give a few university lectures while doing research in India, but harder to bring Indian colleagues here to work and teach. Now these harder tasks must be undertaken, belatedly, if the easier ones are to continue.

Respect for Indian colleagues must now include respect for a kind of academic and scientific nationalism that many scholar-liberals will find hard to swallow—just as their domestic counterparts find hard to swallow the demands of their black or Chicano or other minority colleagues and students that teaching and research be not only relevant to their communities but conducted by members of those communities. The foreign scholar's position of advantage in India may well be replaced, for a time, not with equality but with subordination. Liberalism and tolerance then will have to be replaced by acceptance of and cooperation in what some would regard as a radically nationalistic social science. Collaborative research may well be the only foreign research.

If deference to indigenous values and scientific priorities is the price to be paid for research in newly emancipated societies, it should be remembered that this price has always been exacted by uncolonized societies. It is neither exorbitant nor dishonorable. If American scholars are to be welcomed or even tolerated in the Third World, they must prove that they are not simply well-meaning cultural emissaries or disinterested scientific innocents abroad but that they are aware of the implications of their work for those among whom they work and are prepared to act accordingly. If that is not achieved, Americans face a long period of enforced academic isolationism.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Prime Minister Without Portfolio

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL. Vol. III, 1944-1967. *Simon & Schuster. 339 pp. $8.95.*

DEAR BERTRAND RUSSELL. *Edited by Barry Feinberg and Ronald Kasrils. Houghton Mifflin Co. 171 pp. $5.95.*

RONALD SAMPSON
Mr. Sampson is a lecturer in politics at the University of Bristol. His most recent book is The Psychology of Power *(Pantheon).*

The third volume of Lord Russell's autobiography is largely devoted to his struggle against the threat of war in the period since World War II. There was nobility in his stance against the monstrous behavior of the world's most powerful governments at the height of the cold war. The contrast between the braggadocio and callous insolence of governments threatening nuclear war on the one hand and, on the other, the spectacle of an old man of nearly 90 imprisoned for civil disobedience in protest aroused deep and widespread emotion. Russell himself mentions the case of Augustus John, an old man and very ill, who a short time before his death sat down anonymously in Trafalgar Square to testify to profound conviction.

The national newspapers at the time exhausted human ingenuity in their efforts to portray the protests as the work of irresponsible and unrepresentative social misfits. I remember vividly some of those people: an old lady of more than 90 sitting down in Whitehall; a young mother-to-be bidding farewell to her husband because of her refusal to be bound over; a blind man, impeccably dressed with a red rose in his buttonhole, waiting his turn to enter the "dock"; an elderly clergyman (who died shortly after his release from prison) addressing the air force across a barbed wire fence.

Mathematician and philosopher of great eminence, prolific publicist and writer, imprisoned in the First World War for his protest, consistently pursuant of the cause of peace through a long life, Bertrand Russell enjoys world-wide influence. He receives an average of 100 letters a day, he stated in 1963, some of which, together with Russell's replies, have been arranged according to subject matter in *Dear Bertrand Russell* to form a lively and entertaining collection. Given this influence, it is especially important that what Russell stands for should be subjected to rigorous scrutiny.

His argument runs something like this. If human life has any purpose, it cannot be known by us. Human beings generally prefer happiness to unhappiness, but there is no rational basis for such a preference. Men evince powerful passions, but have no grounds for ethical *knowledge*. Russell passionately objects to war. In addition to the more obvious reasons, war threatens human liberty upon which he sets a high value. As a result of technological progress, to which in general Russell is not opposed, war threatens to put an end to life itself. Although he has no ethical reason for objecting to this threat, Russell's feelings cause him to think it insane and to think that others must be mad if they do not share his feelings. Those who threaten to bring about nuclear destruction he describes as monsters of wickedness. Unfortunately in practice many men prefer the satisfaction of exterminating their enemies to insuring their own happiness or even their own survival. Hence the immensity of our present peril.

Although war is sometimes justified, he argues, in order to prevent a greater evil, nuclear war would be so terrible that resort to it could not be justified under any circumstances. "If mankind is to survive, the power of making scientific war will have to be concentrated in a supreme State." This new international body, or world government, should have sole possession of the major weapons of war, so as "to be fairly certain of victory in warfare with any single State." In short, the world government that he believes to be urgently necessary must be given the requisite teeth (and that, in the nuclear age, means nuclear teeth) to enforce its *Diktat* over recalcitrant states, to compel them to disarm to the level of sufficiency to maintain internal stability, and to compel them to accept the awards of the international authority when it arbitrates international disputes. The introduction of such an institutional reform on the world scene is, he confesses, going to be "difficult."

It is "difficult" (not to say impossible) because no existing sovereign power is voluntarily going to renounce or weaken that power which constitutes its entire meaning. Because every power bloc automatically distrusts all potential rivals, each deploys the greatest arsenal available to it. Russell is genuinely horrified by the cruelty and suffering resulting from the excesses of power, but he is far from being opposed to power as such. On the contrary, he believes governmental force necessary to protect the rights of men to advocate whatever form of governmental power they choose as well as to maintain the criminal law. Although Russell is generally to be found in the ranks of the anti-Establishment forces, he is not unpatriotic. Indeed, he calls himself "passionately English" and treasures "an honour [the Order of Merit] bestowed on me by the Head of my country."

Finally, although he is convinced that war as such must be abolished in the interests of human survival, and although he agrees emphatically with Lord Gladwyn, a devotee of the balance of terror, that what the world needs is "less fear and more love," he also believes that the world can no longer afford to dispense with economic justice, and he does not see how justice is to be achieved "without bloodshed."

In short, Russell's position is shot through with contradictions. Denying

LOST

High in the sun a plane
groans across the sky
to keep from falling.

Fallen, you lie quiet
as moss between tree
and water, fish and fowl,
the long season of your bones
emerging like a fungus.

Your eyes slowly fill
with the black of whatever
is melting there. From time
to time your name
still echoes musically
off the mountainside
and thru the forest,
sending birds into the air
like flares. If ever you felt
music was a way of mending things,
then tonight you are whole again
as the cricket sings in your skin.

ROGER PFINGSTON

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any rational base to ethics, he is obliged to hold ethics "reducible to politics in the last analysis." He is an Enlightenment liberal who stands for reason and logic, believes "God" to be a figment of the clerical imagination, necessary to priestly power, and equates ethical responsibility with political responsibility. Consequently all his judgments, albeit biased on the side of freedom, tolerance, justice and peace, are ultimately tied to the chariot of power. And, for all his genuine outrage, Russell is dragged along in its tracks, riding within the circuit on which "responsible" politics are conducted.

And so he presents us with the rather odd spectacle of a civilly disobedient earl conducting from his private residence top-level communications with heads of governments who in moments of crisis, generated by their own conflicts, treat him as an honorary Prime Minister without portfolio. We are and must remain grateful to him, but the price that is paid for such "realism" is the continued mystification and confusion of large numbers of men, who are ill served when intellectual brilliance buttressed by genuine and deserved moral authority issues forth contradictory pronouncements.

Russell's admirable irreverence for secular power, combined with a fully justified contempt for ecclesiastical hypocrisy, extends to the denial of the idea of God as the source of our being. Russell's judgment is ultimately pragmatic and political, and consequently cannot withstand the ordeal of confrontation with megalomaniac forces. Although painfully and sadly, he abandoned his pacifism in the face of Hitler. But why should moral man abandon ship when the immoral state achieves the ultimate in pathology? That Russell should have changed course under such terrible pressure is understandable, but he is not prepared to acknowledge that he may have been in error; and that it was this violent resistance that has led directly to the mortal aggravation of the total human condition.

Many of us took up arms in 1940. We were wrong, tragically wrong. From this we gradually slipped down to the level of mindlessness where it was possible for even Russell to advocate that the United States threaten Russia with war in order to protect its monopoly of nuclear weapons. It is admirable that he should proclaim: "It is shameful to deny one's own words." But this candid acknowledgment is immediately followed by a refusal to retract. It was right at the time, he claims, notwithstanding the fact that two years later at Stockholm he made the bizarre suggestion that persons advocating a preventive war should be exposed to the hazards of municipal "mechanical sharks."

The assertion that God exists and that it is God's will that we should love one another means, as Russell himself used to maintain, that we should not kill one another under *any* circumstances, cost what it may. This is ethical *knowledge*, grounded in metaphysics or rational religion, and absolutely incompatible with politics, defined as the pursuit of power, which leads logically to the arms race and the universal death which Lord Russell so eloquently summons us all throughout the world to devote all our energies and all our thoughts to preventing.

African Genesis

IDANRE AND OTHER POEMS. *By Wole Soyinka. Hill & Wang. 96 pp. $3.95. Paper $1.75.*

MARTIN TUCKER

Mr. Tucker is a professor of English at Long Island University and the author of Africa in Modern Literature *(Frederick Ungar Co.).*

The social and political phases that characterized African literature ten and twenty years ago no longer are major currents in its stream of consciousness. The phrases that were so easily labeled onto African literature are now a historical record. African literature is turning in different directions—in some ways moving back to tribalisms of language, in others spanning a more universal family of symbols, clashes and tensions. What it is now is diversified. No longer can one cover the field with a blanket statement that African novels in English are primarily concerned with the recoil of black culture from the onslaught of white imperialism. Not that such a theme did not produce many fine works: e.g., the books of Chinua Achebe of Biafra. But whereas ten years ago the ferment was recognizable—one knew where to look for the budding of talent, the concentration of form—today the activity is intense but diffused.

Perhaps African literature is in a state of transition. Finally. For a long time its writers have been trying to connect African literature with European culture. The results have often been impressive. The hybrid work has sometimes been a masterpiece—unique in its very oddness, as all great art finally is. The initial enthusiasm for African literature was largely social and political—African literature became the expression of a self-conscious national and continental identity. With the growth of independence, the focus of feeling dissipated. No longer was there one thing to look forward to—the one thing had come, and, having come, had splintered into a hundred new themes, foci and quests. The old imperialists had died, the new godheads were adrift in the land.

The leading playwright of Nigeria, who is also a poet, novelist, essayist, actor and teacher, is one example of this complex evolution of spirit. Wole Soyinka identifies himself with this split in his long (and title) poem, "Idanre," praising the slave who rolled a rock down on his complacent master and, in the smashup that followed, created a multiple godhead. Soyinka also refers to the "Mobius split"—which he identifies in a note to the poem as "a mathe-magical ring, infinite in self-recreation into independent but linked rings and therefore the freest conceivable (to me) symbol of human or divine (e.g., Yoruba, Olympian) relationships."

In this long poem, Soyinka captures his country's experience of bloodshed, horror and hate. "Idanre" was written before the civil war, but Soyinka had seen enough massacres of Ibos and other peoples to know the bite of pain and remorse, to feel the sting of sympathy. As Soyinka says in the preface, the poem is built of two separate experiences: one was a visit to the hills of Idanre, the petrified rocks of supernal force and shape, and the other was a walk through a rainstorm "three years later and some two hundred miles away." The second experience brought back the meaning of the first, or rather gave the two experiences a total meaning. In the drenched quiet that follows the destruction by both fire and rain, Soyinka finds his measure of calm. It is, in spite of the reign of storm and havoc, a pacific poem.

Soyinka wrote the poem some time ago (he has just been released from prison, where he was sent for allegedly supporting secessionist Biafra, though he has claimed he was only trying to mediate the conflict, not engage in it). The poem has its African identities: the dominant deities are Ogun (the Creative Essence), god of war, iron and metallurgy, and Sango, god of lightning and electricity. Ogun, who cleared a path of earth and then attempted to retire to his godlike heights, is trapped by liquor and ire into fighting a battle with other, more jealous gods. In his drunken stupor he murders his own men, and in shame re-enacts his crime every year. Warring gods are the province of many poets; African poetry is not unique in this respect. Yet what "Idanre" and other poems in Soyinka's newest book reveal is a quieter, less assertive kind of statement: this African

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poetry is lyrical and pained, it is a head bowed not in defeat but in supplication.

One of Soyinka's most beautiful poems, "The Hunchback of Dugbe," may remind some readers of Dylan Thomas' "The Hunchback in the Park." The moods of the poems are similar, the images come from shifting shades of light and darkness: shut out from the beauty of the conventional world, the hunchbacks create their own world of beauty.

Here is Soyinka on the hunchback:

But the bell-tower of his thin
Buttocks rings pure tones on Dugbe
A horse penis loin to crooked knees
Side-slapping on his thighs

At night he prowls, a cask
Of silence; on his lone matrix
Pigeon eggs of light dance in and out
Of dark, and he walks in motley.

Soyinka has other similarities to Thomas: the sharp thrust of sensual imagery, a "perverse impalement" of sexuality, the belief in a regenerative universe, the obsessive awareness of death.

Yet these similarities are not the result of direct influence so much as the shared use of techniques and imagistic insights available to all poets. Indeed, it is probably time to recognize the similarity of African to other poetry. It then becomes more apparent what variety of forms and vast cultural apparatus African poets bring to their work. The two encounters related in Soyinka's poems, "Civilian and Soldier," convey and fuse the dilemmas of Vietnam, of Biafra, of Russia in 1917. The first encounter is between a captured civilian and a soldier. The civilian pleads for his life, arguing that he is not a warrior, he is a part of his land.

. . . and oh I heard the lesson
Of your training sessions, cautioning—
Scorch earth behind you, do not leave
A dubious neutral to the rear.
Reiteration
Of my civilian quandary, burrowing earth
From the lead festival of your more eager friends
Worked the worse on your confusion, and when
You brought the gun to bear on me, and death
Twitched me gently in the eye, your plight
And all of you came clear to me.

The second encounter is imaginary. The civilian hopes one day to meet the soldier and shoot him:

. . . No hesitation then
But I shall shoot you clean and fair
With meat and bread, a gourd of wine
A bunch of breasts from either arm, and that
Lone question—do you, friend, even now, know
What it is all about?

In the past, Wole Soyinka has been lively, forceful, demonstrative, certainly playful. In this volume he is meditative and understated, willing to contemplate himself as well as grant others their expressions. This quiet dignity is a new center to Soyinka's work.

Soyinka's plays, on one level, are about the conflict between past and present, between tribal beliefs and modern expediency. He was both critical and appreciative of both ways of life. What he was most attached to were those universal features of character that distinguish a man no matter *when* he was born. His work suggests an underlying animism: Soyinka allows for spirit in all things—in trees, in forests, in roads, even in jet planes ("This beast was fashioned well. . . . I am . . . a fine ash in the beast's sudden desiccation when the sun explodes").

In his earlier work he granted vitality and shrewdness to his tribal chieftains and their beliefs in animism and spirit, particularly when they were in opposition to dry Western rationalizations of universal mysteries. He reveled in his peasant showing up the poorly educated African, the pompous schoolman stuffed with British abstractions. In this present volume there is still something of this jollity: "To My First White Hairs" is a mock-praise poem celebrating the coming of his old age. But mostly the poems convey a new quality of acceptance: a lyricism about life has replaced the enthusiasm for it. Even in "Abiku," a poem about those legendary changeling children who die only to return and plague their mothers, the poet's eye is on the *unchanging* quality of pain, the inevitability of suffering and death:

The ripest fruit was saddest:
Where I crept, the warmth was cloying.
In silence of webs, Abiku moans,
shaping
Mounds from the yolk.

It is almost as if Soyinka's expansiveness has contracted. His spirit is not broken, but it has retrenched for watering. Though the poems are not the result of his prison experience, they are prophetic and reflective of it. Until the time of his imprisonment by his fellow Yoruba tribesmen and their powerful allies, the Hausas, he was a free spirit able to jibe and love all comers. Now the love remains but the stimulus for fulfillment, the desire for experience, has diminished.

African literature is not a monolith, a black slab of fixed features and categories. It is changing and vital. Some critics in searching for a "pure" or "representative" African literature may indeed be leading into stereotypes. There are generalities to be made about African

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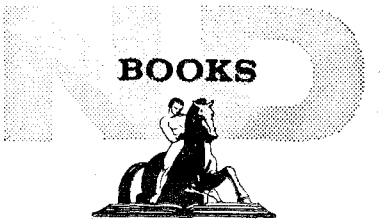

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literature, but the emphasis must remain on the individual writer who, like the Abiku child, returns again and again to plague the belly and mind of his carrier.

Soyinka's poems suggest an ever-evolving shape of African habitations and English literary traditions. Dawn, cockerels, egrets, sunset spears, frangipanes, the Abiku child—they are in his clean, spare, imagistic lines. They are branches into many different fields, not part of one enclosed tradition.

Dreams Without Substance

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE. *By Richard Yates. Alfred A. Knopf. 340 pp. $5.95.*

JOYCE CAROL OATES

Miss Oates is an associate professor of English at the University of Windsor. She is the author, most recently, of Them *(Vanguard) and a collection of poetry,* Anonymous Sins *(Louisiana State University Press).*

In 1961 Richard Yates published a disturbing and prophetic novel, *Revolutionary Road*, which was nominated for the National Book Award. This novel explored various contemporary delusions, one of them being our American tendency to dream and to attribute to our necessary environments certain qualities of failure, impotence, deadliness, which supposedly account for the devastation of our dreams. No matter that we ourselves are underlings: let us blame our families, our husbands or wives, or society, America itself, the age itself! What we cannot and will not face is our own mediocrity.

A Special Providence is a novel about the grayness of lives, gray as the dust jacket of the book, relieved only by the irony of its title—a *special* providence? —and the continual comic antithesis between what the young hero imagines his role should be and what it actually is. Robert Prentice, 18, is shaped partly by his exasperating mother and partly by popular culture, mainly movies; his imagination veers skyward while his uncoordinated body takes him earthward, stumbling around in what seems perpetual confusion in World War II (a war which has been treated often in fiction, and which, in Yates's handling, is as chaotic and meaningless as ever). Whoever has written the scenario for Prentice has not had in mind any classical standards of heroism, or even sanity:

> There was no coherence to the days and nights. . . . There was never a whole night's sleep, and there was never enough to eat. Mile after mile of what was said to be the Ruhr was slowly consumed in the changeless rhythm of walking . . . through a haze of exhaustion the broken towns rose up and divided into broken streets and houses, and the houses divided into rooms; then rooms, houses, streets, and towns closed up and fell behind, and there were more roads, more fields and woods and railroad tracks and factories, with other towns waiting.

Impossible, in such a landscape, to locate one's own identity; and yet, maddening as the war and its marginal activities appear, life in the United States is not much better. Prentice's mother, Alice, has dragged him back and forth across the country, always a little bit ahead of her creditors and the realization that she is a failure as a mother, a woman and an artist. If only she were more obviously a failure, then both she and Prentice might be free of her delusions —but it is the predicament of a certain kind of mediocre human being that he cannot really make sure that he is not superior, that he does not owe the world his labor.

Alice Prentice is a sculptor with a few, a very few, successes. From what we can gather she has an enthusiastic, feminine talent, yet she is not very good —though, given the fluid standards of contemporary art, might she not on the very next page turn out to be immensely successful? After all, this is America. But it never quite happens that way; she ages, she becomes an alcoholic, she hangs onto her son desperately and pathetically, only to lose him at the end to no special providence . . . she simply loses him, abruptly and without much explanation.

The novel's central concern is with the dreary relationship between son and mother. It is a wonder that Prentice turns out as normal as he does; reared by his pseudo-Bohemian mother, who has herself rejected a conventional, plain husband, he is spoiled, self-conscious, a show-off, weak, awkward, doomed to secondary roles, one of the invisible people of life. Indeed, most of Yates's characters, in this novel, in *Revolutionary Road*, and in *Eleven Kinds of Loneliness* (a collection of short stories published in 1962) are invisible people, not quite there, unable to assert themselves or to guide their own destinies. They share, vaguely, in the destiny of their society. They seek personal grandeur, based upon ill-considered praise from ignorant judges who in any case do not mean what they say; they seek salvation of a kind, the transcendence of what they imagine to be a world not good enough for them. The only possible hope for them lies in their realizing, at some dismal time in

HACKBERRY

Bark sags in folds from the crotches down
to where the trunk extends delicately, deliberately
to suck water out from under the lawn.
Children know how the knotholes seem to shift
sometimes. (Do gnarled sockets darken
when we walk between it and the young pear?)
Our living room is dark. We wish the tree weren't there.

It's alive with ants; brisk birds creep
upside down on its hide all day, grooming.
Twenty feet up, squirrels, grubs, beetles
hang with thick shade over us, a ceiling,
(tiny breaths, droppings). One dead limb creaks
just over our bench. Wasps dive
sizzling from it. Green leaves fall near us. It's alive.

It never seems to sleep; we hear how it tests
its tether out there, restlessly. All night long
it rubs against the roof. We think it remembers
old years before we were born.
It's killing the grass.
We talk in bed about chain saws, ropes, danger. We take
care not to be heard: it's awake.

NANCY PRICE

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their lives, that they deserve no special fate—that they are not heroes in a Hollywood movie, after all.

Having endured the war, having survived a bout of pneumonia and other ugly experiences, Prentice still must "fight it out" with another mediocrity, the two of them seeking to determine who is "yellow" and who is not. They fight. Prentice does not win, but he does not exactly lose. And what is the conclusion? "He didn't think he had proved anything. It was turning out like everything else . . . like the ending of the war itself: no settling of accounts, no resolution, no proof. And what the hell did you expect, Prentice? Quint would have said. Do you think everything's going to work out the way it does in the movies? Aren't you ever going to learn?"

Yates's treatment of ordinary life here stresses the dullness, the lack of pattern, the lack of personal imaginative fulfillment. One feels that his people never have a chance: odd things may happen to them, but they are never odd enough, never tragic and awful enough, to lead to a change of vision. And there is a curious lack of detail in the work, as if it were imagined as a movie; the visual dimension of the Prentices' world is to be supplied by the viewer, automatically, perfunctorily. Perhaps because Alice Prentice moves so often, falls "in love" so often, she cannot establish a solid social environment which we might come to recognize, any more than her son can recognize it, if only to rebel against it. A sad, gray, deathly world—dreams without substance—aging without maturity: this is Yates's world, and it is a disturbing one.

Black Revolutionaries

An important article by Dan Aldridge on the development of black revolutionary consciousness. Also, David Horowitz analyzes the role of giant corporations in the formation of U.S. foreign policy; and the editors write on the significance of the multinational corporation. Send for your free sample copy of the November issue now.

MONTHLY REVIEW

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An American Provincial

MENCKEN. *By Carl Bode. Southern Illinois University Press. 452 pp. $10.*

ROBERT EMMET LONG

Mr. Long teaches English at Queens College. He publishes frequently on American literature.

Carl Bode's new biography, following by approximately a decade Mencken's death in 1956, signals a new wave of interest in Mencken's life and career. At the height of his fame in the 1920s, Mencken was described by Walter Lippmann as "the most powerful personal influence on this whole generation of educated people." The 1930s witnessed the radical decline of Mencken's reputation. His attack upon democracy and the common man and his opposition to liberalism left him without an audience, so that in the 1940s, while continuing to write, he seemed a figure of ghostly remoteness. Photographs of this later period show Mencken covering Presidential nominating conventions, his eyes staring out over spectacles tilted down on his nose with the expression of one who hardly knows where he is. Now, after a lengthy period of eclipse, Mencken is again the subject of interest and reappraisal.

In the last three years a number of books about him have appeared. Carl Dolmetsch's *The Smart Set: A History and Anthology* (1966) was an extensive study of Mencken as editor of one of the most influential magazines ever published in America; it was followed by a study by the French scholar Guy Forgue, *H. L. Mencken, L'Homme, L'Oeuvre, L'Influence* (Paris, 1967), and by Sara Mayfield's *The Constant Circle* (1968), a biography centering upon Mencken's marriage to Sara Haardt.

Bode's study fills in some gaps and shadowy places in Mencken's life. It elaborates on the story of Mencken's marriage and of his last, terrible years after a massive stroke in 1948 left him unable to write or speak clearly, nearly blind, wishing daily that he might die. The story of what happened to Mencken's independence and pride of intellect during a long, humiliating helplessness and infirmity is grim indeed. There is also fresh (if scrappy) information about Mencken's friendships and associations—his newspaper acquaintances and the beer drinking musical evenings of their Saturday Night Club, and his friendship with a number of women (Marion Bloom, Beatrice Wilson, Aileen Pringle, Anita Loos, Sara Haardt, Marcella DuPont) toward whom he acted as a middle-aged knight. Most of all, one sees Mencken in his Baltimore "localness"—in his attachment to the family home, with its Victorian furnishings and the habitualness of life they represented. Still, Bode's account is not greatly different from or significantly more informative than the earlier biographies.

What is most disappointing is Bode's evasion of critical judgment. It is literally impossible from reading the book to know what Bode thinks of Mencken and the nature of his achievement. The biography is marked by the absence of an interpreting mind. The data of Mencken's life is flatly presented. Mencken's mother is touched upon briefly but there is no searching out of implications. One would wish to know more about this woman, the center of the whole web of the Mencken family relationships, and under whose roof Mencken lived as a bachelor until well into middle age. Indeed, only until his mother had been dead five years did Mencken marry Sara Haardt—a mother surrogate who had been given only three years to live! There is a similar failure to find dimension in Bode's sketchy account of Mencken's friendships with Dreiser, Lewis, Fitzgerald and Nathan. Most of all, there is no weighing of Mencken's own writing, no attempt to place his career in perspective. Only indirectly, by the concentration upon Mencken's Baltimore background, by the display of how firmly rooted he was in the American middle class, is there an interesting insight into Mencken's temperament.

Mencken's provinciality shows nowhere more clearly than in his criticism, with its air of cosmopolitan authority and elitism that does not disguise his awkward self-education and the limitations of his mind. One recalls the literary criticism of Poe with its affectation of learning and European cultivation, which has at its core, despite intelligent comment and observation, merely a few narrow, inflexible dicta. The limitations of Mencken's mind

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are never more obvious than when he writes about poetry. In one of his weekly columns in *The Smart Set*, he extols a poem, "Tears," by the Baltimore poetess Lizette Woodworth Reese ("When I consider Life and its few years —/ A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun"), which he compares favorably with Keats's great odes. But, he concludes, even so nobly wrought a poem as "Tears" is an escape from reason and reality, as is, he believes, all poetry. This bumptious dismissal is typical of the way Mencken will pronounce on subjects of which he knows little or nothing. He seems at such times like a small-town editor handing down sure opinions to an audience whose culture is even more limited than his own.

Mencken was better equipped as a critic of fiction, and it is to his credit that he recognized and encouraged many of the best young writers of his time; yet even here his judgments were narrow and often inadequate. The genius of Henry James was lost on him, unaware even that James was an initiator of the new realism he advocated; Emerson, Thoreau and Hawthorne merely illustrated the corseted gentility of post-Puritan New England. He was generous in his praise of the naturalists, but writers of any other tradition did not interest him, and he did not try to understand them. Mencken was a popularizer of a certain school of writing, and even more of a certain view of life. But this concentrated strength was also a measure of the extreme restrictedness of his mind.

Mencken brought his vision to bear upon the whole moral geography of the 1920s, with its unexamined and optimistic faith in religion and democracy. No one ever wrecked more middle-class idols than Mencken, or addressed himself to the common life with such tragicomic exuberance. Mencken's mind was not luminously large and discerning; it was closed to everything but one aspect of life—our national provinciality. But his caricature was so powerful that it still lives. His success is no doubt explained by his own provinciality—his amazing literalness of mind, his obsession with the spectacle of the common life immediately before him. Mencken thought of himself in the tragic tradition of Nietzsche, yet he seems to us today as one of our great and authentic humorists.

Eyewitness to History

PRIME TIME: The Life of Edward R. Murrow. *By Alexander Kendrick. Little, Brown & Co. 548 pp. $8.95.*

DESMOND SMITH
Mr. Smith, a frequent contributor to The Nation, *is on the staff of C.B.S. News.*

The dramatic portrait on the cover of Mr. Kendrick's biography shows Edward R. Murrow wearing an airman's Mae West, a cigarette clamped between thumb and index finger. It sets the scene perfectly for the life and strenuous times of the news broadcaster whose portentous voice over C.B.S. radio and somber presence on C.B.S.-TV came to represent the exact, unshakable truth for millions of Americans throughout the 1940s and 1950s. The Murrow era spanned the Munich crisis of 1938 to the McCarthy nightmare of the 1950s. When I joined the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in 1952, it was the C.B.S. News service, largely shaped and certainly dominated by Murrow, that represented our ideal of what broadcast journalism should be. For most of us, Edward R. Murrow was the heroic Malraux-like reporter of action who fought off every kind of interference with his story, both from above and from the outside. He gave broadcast journalism size and direction, and largely from his own personal qualities: intelligent curiosity, clarity of thought, the power to transmit experience, and a skepticism when confronted with facile generalizations.

To most Americans he is now but a dim figure from an era of Philco radios and 14-inch black-and-white TV screens. When I mentioned his name at a dinner party recently, the hostess recalled him only as, "that charming man who used to do *Person-to-Person*, and smoked too many cigarettes." So it is good to be reminded of this extraordinary communicator in this first full-length study written by one of Murrow's close associates, C.B.S. correspondent Alexander Kendrick. The book is always interesting, though not invariably convincing, for reasons both of manner and content. It is written in a rather pedestrian style, freighted with touches of heavy irony; and the chronology is not always easy to follow. This is a pity. Mr. Kendrick is an intelligent writer who has, presumably, had complete access to the Murrow papers. What he does here is to detail yet again the sins of commercial television and, particularly, to describe the role of Edward R. Murrow in battling the Establishment. "Describe" is the word. He does not really explain it at all.

To be fair to Mr. Kendrick, Murrow, for all his public visibility, kept pretty much to himself when out of camera range. As a newsman he possessed a ferocious appetite for work. He was pure hard news. Nothing else. He took few vacations, and what little social life he allowed himself was invariably work related. Mr. Kendrick's account of Murrow's working methods makes absorbing reading. As a self-driven reporter, he had a quite extraordinary desire to be a part of whatever he was reporting, and at the same time to be back in New York to present the story in the role of sagacious pundit. Few people can be in two places at once. Murrow often was. He rarely had six hours' straight sleep, smoked too much, sweated profusely from nervous tension.

Murrow's reputation in radio was easily transferable to television. He possessed, as they say, "the right cosmetics." Lean, dark and handsome, his somber good looks and baritone voice attracted audience and sponsors alike. At the height of his career his annual salary was more than $200,000. Yet it's a fair bet that neither money nor acclaim had much to do with Murrow's conscientiousness and diligence; he worked the way he did because he enjoyed asking questions, finding answers, above and beyond all else being an eyewitness to history.

Edward R. Murrow was born in 1908 on a small farm near Greensboro, N.C. His father was a farmer, though not a successful one. Murrow worked his way through Washington State College at all manner of jobs, and spent his vacations working in logging camps. At college he was a straight arrow. He was proud to be pledged to the "best" fraternity on campus, enjoyed drilling in the ROTC, joined the debating society, was featured in college dramatics. The yearbook attributed his success to "an A-plus personality." He became president of the National Student Federation. In 1930 he was graduated. There being no other jobs around he took a full-time (but unpaid) job with the Federation and moved to New York. Two years later he moved to the Carnegie-financed Institute of International Education as its assistant director, and in 1935 joined the Columbia Broadcasting System as head of its newly formed Talks and Special Events department. He was 26 years old. William Paley, the C.B.S. board chairman, "who had an active interest in what his network was doing, especially in the field of public affairs," writes Kendrick, "was first struck by his young talk director's zeal and un-

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doubted skills. They saw each other often, and the business relationship began to develop into personal friendship." The rapport between the two men was, of course, the source of much of Murrow's power.

Until the late 1930s there really wasn't a great amount of news programming to be found on radio. Between the wars Americans got most of their news from newspapers. Radio provided a diet of "special events"—Presidential speeches, international music festivals, talks by foreign dignitaries, and so forth. As Kendrick notes, it was not uncommon to hear the announcer say after reading the news headlines, "For further details consult your local newspaper." At the time when Mussolini's troops were invading Ethiopia, C.B.S. put on a concert of native instruments by Ethiopian tribesmen. News values were no different at N.B.C. There, as Nazi bombers brought death and destruction to Guernica, N.B.C.'s chief international contribution was a world-wide Singing Mouse contest.

In 1937 Murrow was sent to London with the title of European director and the job of arranging talks and special events. While Hitler's troops were crossing the Austrian border Murrow found himself in Warsaw arranging a Polish children's program for the C.B.S. American School of the Air. It was Hitler's aerial onslaught on London that firmly established Murrow's reputation as a newsman. By the time America entered the war, Murrow was already a legend with his radio news reports from the British capital. He reported air raids from the burning streets, drove around at the height of the blitz in an open car, and scorned even elementary safety precautions.

When he sailed back to the United States in 1946, Murrow seemed aware that he had hit his high spot emotionally during the war. In a final broadcast over the B.B.C. he summed up his wartime years, and remarked, "You were living a life, not an apology."

He spent eighteen unrewarding months as vice president in charge of news for C.B.S. and found most of the time was spent living an apology not a life. He explained, "It's the big desk with the telephones, the In basket and the Out basket. Conferences, memos, budgets and firing people. Who am I to be firing people, the Almighty Himself?" So Murrow resigned the vice presidency. He never again went back into the executive suite, except to argue. Instead he returned to the microphone and the daily news broadcasts.

Murrow's idealist temperament and upbringing often got him into trouble during the Red scare years of the fifties. The cautions and accommodations which normally accompany a pay check in broadcasting were not for him. With great courage he took it upon himself to help broadcasters who had been "let go" because of liberal or left-wing leanings. Toward the end of his broadcasting career he became a kind of myth figure, a hugely enlarged reality that verged on near fantasy, lauded by after-dinner speakers as, "the conscience of broadcasting." Murrow was the most powerful, and arguably the greatest, news broadcaster in American television, which meant he was not without his bitter enemies inside the industry.

We know now that Murrow left broadcasting a deeply frustrated and angry man. In his final years at C.B.S. he found himself increasingly at odds with the network powers over news policy. This distressed him. He would brood about it, and then he would go and see his old friend and boss, William Paley. When the crisis was papered over he would return to work, but inevitably another crisis would occur and the cycle would begin again.

Kendrick sees Murrow as the victim of a changing concept of broadcasting; C.B.S. which, under the presidency of Dr. Frank Stanton, had mushroomed from a relatively small broadcasting system in the late thirties, emerged as a giant "knowledge" conglomerate in the fifties. Kendrick bitterly quotes a C.B.S. annual report which boasted that the company was "the world's largest advertising medium," and he argues that an earlier philosophy originated by Paley, that of public service, had been abandoned in favor of "servicing the public." In 1959, spent in health, desperately in need of a rest, Edward R. Murrow announced he was taking a sabbatical year. He never returned to C.B.S. Two years later he announced his resignation, after twenty-five years of broadcasting, to become head of the United States Information Agency in the Kennedy administration.

The aspect of Murrow which is most admirable, as Kendrick clearly shows, was his profound commitment to fair-minded reporting. It was his great achievement to raise the public status of broadcast journalism and thus restore a healthier balance to the democratic process. When Murrow began broadcasting, radio was not considered a reliable news source, newspapers suffered from what Harold Ickes called the "arrogance of power." ("The public," a 1939 *Fortune* survey reported, "has a poor opinion of the press's truthfulness about the publishers' personal and political friends, and big advertisers.") Murrow helped restore the public esteem of both broadcasting and newspapers—the first deliberately, the second consequentially.

In his last public speech in October 1964, Murrow cautioned: "The speed of communication is wondrous to behold. It is also true that speed can multiply the distribution of information that we know to be untrue. The most sophisticated satellite has no conscience . . . and in the end the communicator will be confronted with the old problem, of what to say and how to say it." The problem has outlived Ed Murrow.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

A book that broke into the news several years ago was *Games People Play*, in which Eric Berne used the stylish "scenario" method to elucidate a great number of the ploys whereby neurotics attempt to stay one up on their associates. Susan Sontag's *Duet for Cannibals* might be taken as a projection of the book, its players working out literally the little dramas which Dr. Berne's case histories were for the most part staging symbolically. The film is thus lively with aberrant deportment—everything from sudden attacks of vomiting to drawing-room copulation. It is also solidly performed

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POEM

I meet Mother in the street,

she hardly recognizes me;
I have to pull her by the sleeve of her coat.

Then she stops, smiles and says:
I'm so proud of you my son!

LENNART BRUCE

THE ACCIDENT
(To Madelynne)

Dragged upright,
Towed to its hideous graveyard,
My wife's near-hearse
Stands abject among the other wrecks
As if asking forgiveness
For nearly killing her. But a closer look
Shows up the lying trash:
It bristles with lethal splinters
Of glass, malevolent flash-
Es in the sun, those dark dried stains
Were vivid with her blood,
And the world batters me down,
There, among the violent funerals.

But not hers! Not hers!
My heart assures me in its great good luck,
And I think of her untouched mind
Under the long scalp wound,
Her green eyes, puffed and black,
Under the rash of bruises
Nothing hurt or broken. In the light
Of that miracle I leave hurriedly,
Never looking back,
And become instantly fugitive,
Brayed at by funeral horns. . .

Out of sight and sound
Of the killing freeways,
In a sunlit field, cows are grazing,
A light wind stirs the grass. . .

Was it yesterday I saw
How like a cloud the shape of absence is
To fill a world with tears?
It blacks out. Long ago.
And I watch where she will enter the field,
Stopping and looking up,
Assuring herself of the sky,
Of the earth firm underfoot.
Then trusting herself again
To the natural hazards,
To the lifelong frailties of love.

ERIC BARKER

ANCESTRAL SCENES

old crystal a dry
piece of cake
remains
on the plate

also herring scraps
radishes
slice of blackbread
tea-leaves
etc.

the man who farts
likes it
letting his muscles relax

& feels inky
more like a sponge than a man

how alarming, how
vulgar
they said, their way
of speaking

said it

JEROME ROTHENBERG

HOLY GROUND

Sometimes, not to hurt myself,
But because I depend
On the steadfast natural world,
I drive the car down the dirt road
By the creek where we used to go crabbing.
The crabs are still there, blue-claws,
Born fighting, fast, wicked, worthy opponents.
Here is a young green heron
Describing its lean arabesque
On the corner fence post.
Otters melt down their mud slide
The way they always have melted.
Flowers in the ditch are ones we identified,
Boneset and purple loosestrife.

I come at all seasons but oftener in the fall
When lightning wings of the horned lark
Flash for me and its aerial call
Rings in my blood;
When in the flood of afternoon's final hush
Sumac reveals itself as the burning bush.

MARION LINEAWEAVER

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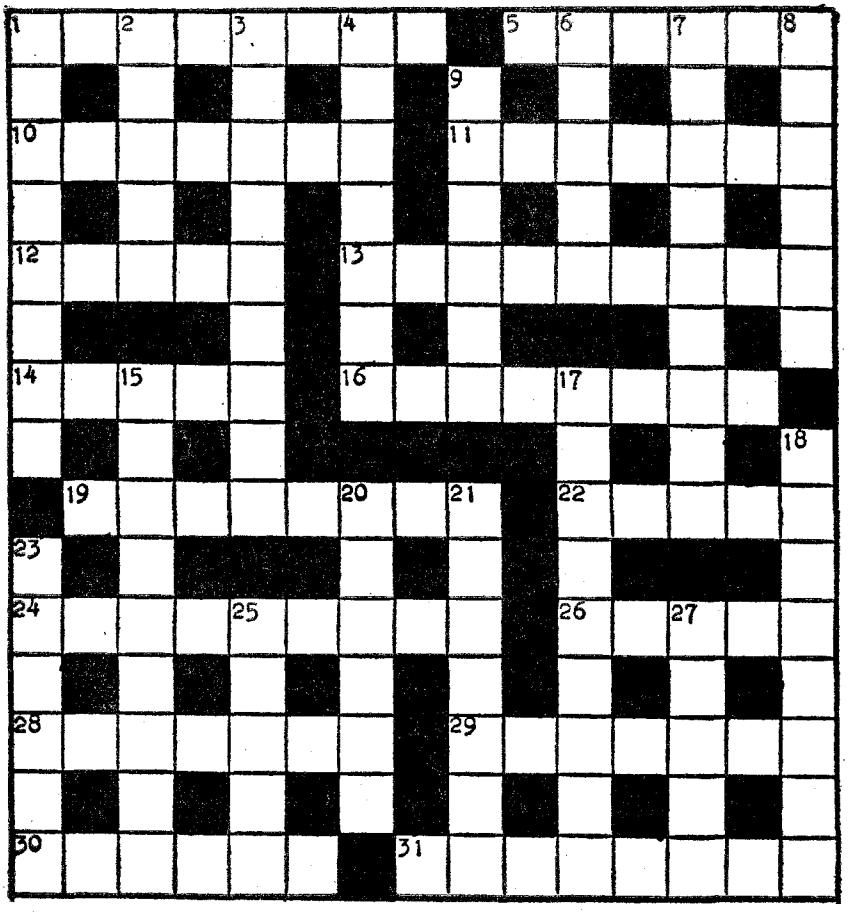
Crossword Puzzle No. 1320

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Does it carry water where the horses might be? (8)
5 Exhaust in part, or excise entirely. (3,3)
10 In return, point out the bad inside, and straightway brighten up. (7)
11 One who swaggers might have an association with St. Nick. (7)
12 Ted's a satisfied sort, obviously. (5)
13 Is an explosion of the sun put off in A-OK manner? (2,2,5)
14 and 25 down Company association? Not with the film star! (5,5)
16 Hold up what's left with a drop of water. (8)
19 A case of poisoning that leaves Doc and I mixed up in a take-it-or-leave-it situation. (8)
22 The fruit of encouragement? (5)
24 Dance team of a balky mule and a fractious nag. (9)
26 Can there be no militia raised without this headdress? (5)
28 The Devil you say? Bruce, otherwise! (6,1)
29 Like the philosophy of Xenophanes, if I elect a substitute. (7)
30 Edna St. Vincent Millay's was born of a little sin. (6)
31 An order of protozoa? Try to successfully serve one! (8)

DOWN

1 and 18 down It might be *un mensaje* —as written by Elbert Hubbard. (1,7,2,6)
2 Implying there may be no match for a French bed! (5)
3 and 4 The watchword of the successful cut-up? (6,3,7)
6 The heights of rural setting? (5)
7 Showing your teeth in opposition? (9)
8 The plant management is economical, evidently. (6)
9 A false step is taken to be instances of ill will. (6)
15 Rock the holder of it, destined for a very special drawer. (9)
17 The type of fever to send to the shelter? (9)
18 See 1 down
20 Fisher perhaps was the ruling descendant of Mohammed. (6)
21 With unequal sides, cleanse the result.
23 Affects a smile when what might be written up annoys one. (6)
25 See 14 across
27 Certainly not a low story told in Greek.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1319

ACROSS: 1 In exchange; 10 Mustang; 11 Intuits; 12 Clipping; 13 Honor; 15 and 24 down Upset price; 17 Vagabonds; 19 Two-handed; 21 Tempe; 23 Nacre; 24 Pebbling; 27 A priori; 28 Upsurge; 29 and 5 Easy-going; 30 Censorship. DOWN: 1 Isms; 2 Ensiles; 3 and 9 Champ at the bit; 4 Aggrieved; 7 Avignon; 8 Distresses; 14 Just in case; 16 Travelog; 18 Gadabouts; 20 Oxcarts; 22 Monarch; 25 Laser; 26 and 6 Deeplaid.

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